Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1964

Per Annos

June 1964

HONORARY EDITOR
Miss Gillard

EDITOR
Andrea Jellicoe

LITERARY EDITOR
Sheila Salmond
Joy Balloch

ART EDITORS
Katharine Mills
Sara Peck

SCHOOL YEAR EDITOR
Judith Fletcher

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITORS
Cynthia Gordon
Andrea Cowans

ADVERTISING EDITORS
Nanci MacDonald
Priscilla Barker

SPORTS EDITOR
Cheryl McDermid

FORM REPRESENTATIVES
Matric. Andria Ross

VI A: Barbara Brockunier
VI B: Cathy Cook
Sheila Reid

V A: Pauline Roberts
Juniors: Debbie Harris

STAFF ADVISERS
Miss Morris
Miss MacLennan
Miss Evans
Miss May



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row: C. McDERMID, J. FLETCHER, K. MILLS, A. JELLICOE, S. SALMOND, N. MACDONALD, M. STRATFORD
Front Row: A. COWANS, P. BARKER, K. PLOW, J. BALLOCH
Picture by D. SHALOM

Editorial

"Green, green, it's green they say
On the far side of the hill."

We are all familiar with this quotation from the popular song, but have we ever stopped to repeat these lines to ourselves, to ponder and draw a meaning from them? Think about the lines. They are deeper than they appear to be. The far side of the hill — the future. Are we too eager for the future, too ready to push on into the unknown to taste what we imagine will be more exciting, more interesting, and productive — greener, in fact, than our present lot? In our eagerness, do we neglect to equip ourselves adequately for the next phase of our lives?

Only time and the right food can turn the grass to its fullest, most lush green. In school, we are in the spring of our lives. The grass is only just beginning to grow and needs its feed of knowledge. Yet we must be prepared to wait throughout the spring before we cross the hill. If we push ahead too early, the grass will still be brown. We must wait for the end of our schooldays, when time and nourishment will have ripened the grass, so we can cross into the lush green pastures of the future.

What will your future be like? Will you enter it prepared to the fullest extent, equipped with knowledge and understanding that will enable you to make your life as successful and productive as you would like it to be? The decision is yours. You may waste your schooldays, frittering away your time and wishing always for a future that will never be as bright as you imagine, or you may use your schooldays to your best advantage, appreciating the opportunities you are offered, and enter the future with a clean conscience. Your goal will be as a light, far ahead in the darkness; yet it will become nearer and brighter every day.

They say the grass is greener. Who say? Think who. The people who say this are those who entered their careers well equipped to succeed. They are people who have worked from the first, eager for the future, yet not so eager that they neglected the proper preparation. The future has been good to them, as it will be to us if we conscientiously prepare ourselves for the days to come.

The Editors wish to express their appreciation of the help they received from the Staff advisers. They are also most grateful to Miss Fairweather for reading proofs, and to Miss Marchant and numerous girls for typing copy.



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,
May 19, 1964.

My Dear Girls:

Several times during the year, I have spoken to you all of my concern that so many of you are rather self-centered, some few alarmingly so. I may be doing some of you an injustice, I pray that I am, but some of you give the unfortunate impression that before you make a move to give anything of yourself to others you calculate what there is in it for you, how it is going to benefit you. There seems little concern or desire on the part of some to contribute because they have a sincere and intense interest in making their contribution to the good of the whole. It will not, therefore, be a surprise that I have chosen as the theme of my letter, "Giving and Having."

I am deeply indebted to the late Miss Mary Cramp, for this letter is taken from one of her inimitable addresses to her girls delivered many years ago. It may well be that some of your Mothers listened to that very address!

I read to you a description of the beautiful picture of the dead warrior by F. G. Watts which hangs in the Tate Gallery and which bears this inscription.

"What I spent, I had."

"What I saved, I lost."

"What I gave, I have."

The poet Coleridge expressed the same idea in his line, "O lady, we receive, but what we give." This giving and having is a continuous process. Earth gives up her moisture, clouds form and give again to earth what she gave. What she gave she has. Life is like that. We give in order to become and to have something worthy to give. Each individual is required to make his contribution, and if he refuses the contribution only he can make, it means loss, not only to the whole, but also to the individual, for the time comes when, unless we give what has been given to us, we gradually lose what we have and so lose our individuality.

What girls live most in a school? Is it not those who give themselves in the service of others: who are understanding and unselfish? And who are the Great of the Earth? Surely not those who strove to gain but those who gave — the splendid givers, St. Francis, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Fry and a host of others — lovers of humanity, thinkers, searchers of truth, poets, spiritual leaders.

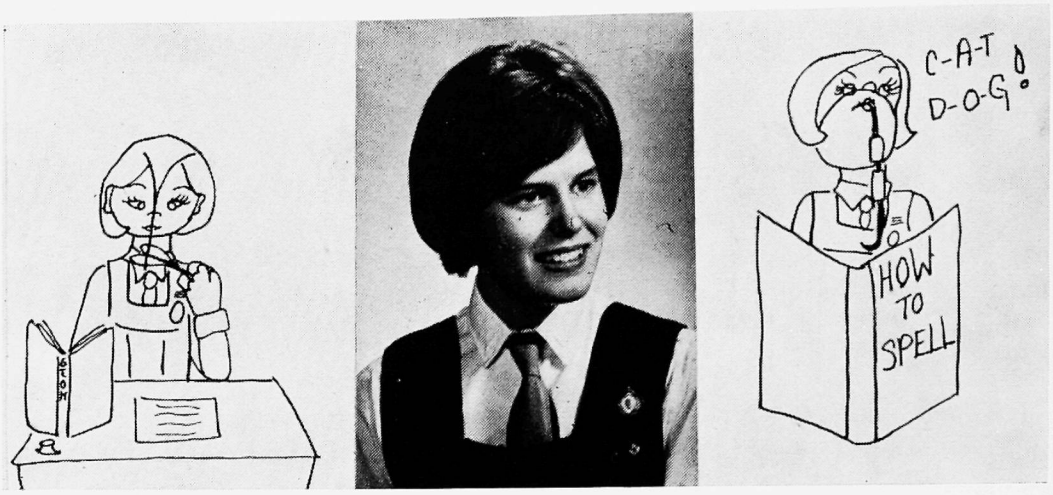
The candle gives light but only by spending itself, the salt gives flavour but only by losing itself. "What I have, I hold" is a Motto of the past. In national and even international matters, we only hold what we are willing to surrender and what, in the end, we do surrender. Forget your own narrow, petty, personal interests and lose yourselves in the wider field of interest and concern for others. It is a kingly privilege to give of yourselves and in so doing you will be able to share the triumph of the dead Warrior and to exclaim with him,

"What I gave, I have."

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

Head Girl



ANDREA NEWMAN—"Newmie" Head Girl, Rideau
Montreal, Quebec 1959–1964

"Those that give sunshine to the lives of others
can't help having some themselves."

Activities:—Form Captain - V B, VI B, Matric; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Eating chocolate ice-cream.
Ambition:—To win the Ladies' Golf Championship.
Probable Destination:—A caddy.

Head Girl's Letter

Dear Girls,

During the first term I was wondering what I would say to you when the time came to write this letter; then in the middle of the second I noticed a quality in you which I had never realized existed. I shall try to make you understand that although you may not agree with some of the rules, you are developing stronger characters by coming to King's Hall.

Perhaps the quality I have in mind may not be fully developed until you have reached Matric. When you come to King's Hall you are encouraged to be sincere and to learn not to be superficial. To grow in character you have to give. Do not close yourself up in a nutshell; get out and set your School and House spirit working, and join in the fun while you can. Play sports, go on hikes and do other things which will help you to develop desirable qualities.

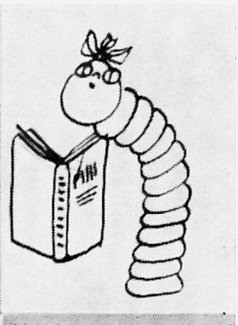
When you begin to grumble — as everyone does at times — try to ask yourself why the rule you dislike was made. Put yourself in the place of those who are responsible for the welfare of the School and you will realize that all the rules are for the good of the School as a whole. Learning their purpose and supporting them loyally will enable you to build up good School and House spirit and prepare you to be good citizens. Keep your enthusiasm and your spirit growing and you will create a happy school.

I wish next year's Matrics. and Prefects the best of luck, and I know that you will carry out your duties successfully. To all the rest of you I can only repeat, "Keep up the good School and House spirit as you have done in the past."

Love,

ANDY.

Matrics

BRIDGET BLACKADER — Head of Rideau
Montreal, Quebec — 1960–1964
Aquila non captat musca. (Eagles do not catch flies.)
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Sports Captain - VI B; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis; Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"O.K. Luv! Luv!"
Ambition:—Position in External Affairs.
Pet Aversion:—No time to read.




JULIENNE CLARKE—"Julie" — School Sports Captain, Rideau
Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A. — 1959–1964
"Speak not because you have to say something,
but because you have something to say."
Activities:—Sports Captain - V B; Literature Club; Library Committee; Junior Red Cross; Dramatics; Current Events; Glee Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Badminton; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Playing guitar while reading ski magazine.
Ambition:—To be an interior-decorator.
Pet Aversion:—Being called JULIA.




DERRYL DAWES—"Derry Dingleberry" — Montcalm
Montreal, Quebec — 1960–1964
"I agree with no man's opinions. I have some of my own."
Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball; Skiing; Tennis; Swimming; Badminton.
Favourite Expression—"You know what I mean?"
Favourite Pastime:—Running up to Windy.
Favourite Song:—"Lollypops and Roses."




MARGO DOUGLAS — School Residence Captain, Macdonald
Toronto, Ontario — 1960–1964
Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Ballroom and Modern Dancing; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball; Skiing; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"Bells! Bells! Bells!"
Favourite Pastime:—Many a thing.
Theme Song:—Smile! !




JUDY FLETCHER—"Fletcha-B" — Macdonald
Danville, Quebec — 1962–1964
"Why be difficult when with a little more effort,
you can be impossible."
Activities:—Choir; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton; Tennis; Swimming.
Ambition:—To travel around the world.
Probable Destination:—Janitor at Compton.
Pet Aversion:—Walking the straight and narrow.





CYNTHIA GORDON—"Cynnie" — Rideau
Westmount, Que. — 1961–1964
"Thinking is the hardest work there is,
which is the probable reason so few engage in it."
Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Tennis.
Ambition:—Princessa Cynthia.
Probable Destination:—Miss Cynthia.
Prototype:—Sheep-dog. (it's about the hair).





SUSAN GRAHAM—"Susie" Sports Captain, Rideau
Montreal, Que. 1960-1964
"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men!"
Activities:—Sports Captain VA; Library Committee; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Literature Club; Current Events; Modern and Ballroom Dancing.
Sports:—Soccer-House; Volleyball-House; Skiing.
Prototype:—Margret in Dennis the Menace.
Favourite Pastime:—Filling my hollow stomach!
Pet Aversion:—The one big kink in my hair!



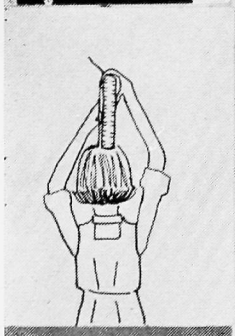


ANDREA JELLICOE—"Jelly" Montcalm
Lennoxville, Quebec 1959–1964
"Judge not by the appearance."
Activities:—Sports Captain - VI A; Choir; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Editor; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton; Swimming.
Prototype:—The Village Idiot.
Favourite Pastime:—Contributing witty (?) uncalled-for remarks.
Pet Aversion:—"You're too young."





NANCY MACDONALD Rideau
Senneville, Quebec 1959–1964
"Success is not occupying a lofty place or doing conspicuous work.
It is being the best that is in you."
Activities:—Sports Captain - V A; Library Committee; Choir; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Impersonating.
Prototype:—Female Beatle.
Ambition:—To be a commercial artist.



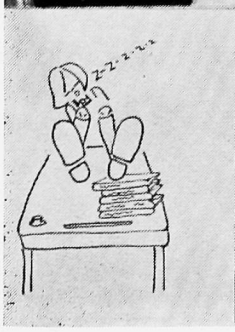


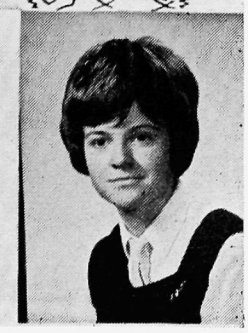
CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY—"Charli" Prefect on Macdonald
Ottawa, Ontario 1960–1964
"It is better to light one candle than to sit and curse the darkness."
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Magazine Advertising Committee VI A; Junior Red Cross; Dramatics; Current Events; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton; Tennis.
Favourite Expression:—"Sure thing."
Pet Aversion:—People who ask how tall I am.
Theme Song:—"Take Her out of Pity."





ELIZABETH MACNAUGHTON—"Liz" Montcalm
Montreal, Quebec 1959–1964
"Your own resolution to succeed is more important than any one thing."
Activities:—Choir; Glee Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross; Literature Club; Library Committee; Magazine Representative - V A.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Skating; Swimming; Tennis; Badminton.
Favourite Expression:—"Wait for me!"
Favourite Pastime:—Travelling south.
Ambition:—Nursing.

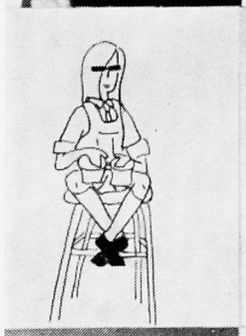




CHERYL MCDERMID—"Chey" Macdonald
Calgary, Alberta 1960–1964
"Why take life so seriously? You'll never get out of it alive."
Activities:—Sports Captain - Matric; Library Committee; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton; Tennis.
Favourite Pastime:—Trying to keep a straight face.
Pet Aversion:—My tooth paste tube when it springs a leak.
Prototype:—"Leaping Lena."




KATHARINE MILLS—"Millie" Macdonald
Montreal, Quebec 1961–1964
"The blush is beautiful, but it is sometimes inconvenient"
Activities:—Choir; Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Junior Red Cross; Vaulting Club; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball; Skiing; Tennis; Swimming; Badminton.
Ambition:—To be a gourmet.
Probable destination:—A gourmand.
Pet Aversion:—Being told that I look like a reindeer.




KATHLEEN PLOW—"Plow" Macdonald
Halifax, Nova Scotia 1959–1964
"Only the good die young — so why worry?"
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Magazine Committee; Dramatics; Current Events; Choir.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Skiing; Tennis.
Prototype:—"Eloise."
Favourite Pastime:—Ironing my hair.
Pet Aversion:—Singed hair (compliments of Stikeman A.)



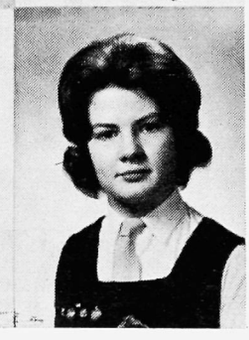

BETTY JANE PUNNETT—"Beej" School Residence Captain, Rideau
St. Vincent, West Indies 1957–1964
"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"
Activities:—Current Events; Modern and Ballroom Dancing; Literature Club; Red Cross Representative - V B and V A; Form Captain - V B.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Swimming; Skiing.
Pet Aversion:—Thin people who are always eating.
Ambition:—To write the Book of the Century.
Probable Destination:—Writing the grocery list of the day.



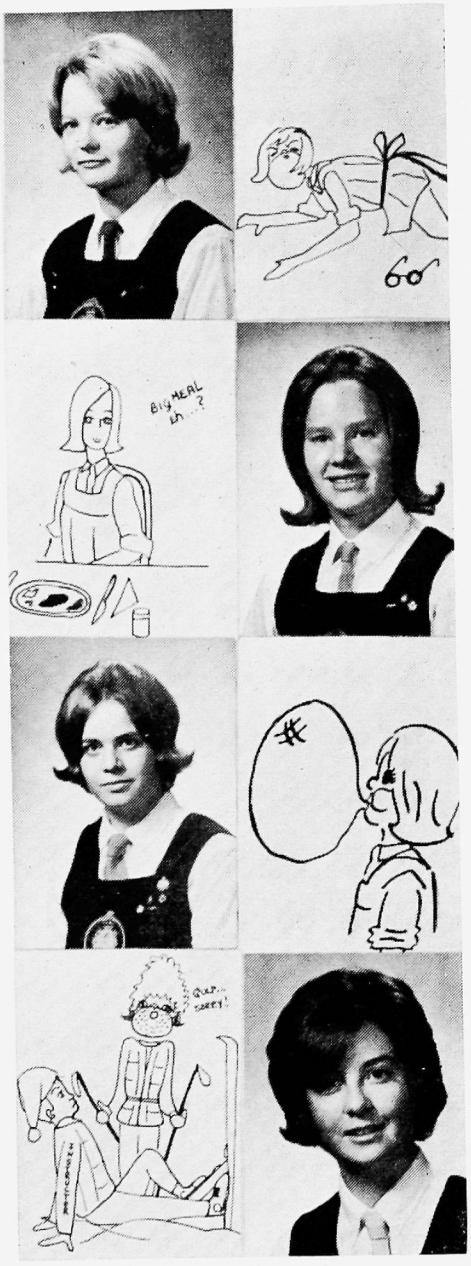

WENDY RANKIN Rideau
Westmount, Quebec 1960-1964
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Swimming; Badminton; Tennis; Basketball.
Favourite Expression:—"That drives me rank!"
Favourite Pastime:—Soaking in the bathtub.
Pet Aversion:—The wiggly lines Miss Stickney puts through my Algebra Prep.




ANDRIA ROSS—"Ross" Montcalm
Quebec City, Quebec 1959–1964
"But each day brings its pretty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget — because we must—
And not because we will."
Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis; Badminton.
Ambition:—To be fluent in three languages and travel.
Probable Destination:—To get as far as Switzerland and stay there.

SHEILA SALMOND—"Shultz" Macdonald
Montreal, Quebec 1957–1964
"Always leave 'em laughing."
Activities:—Form Captain - IV B, IV A, V A; Sports Captain - IV B, IV A; Choir; Library Committee; Literature Club; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - Form; Swimming; Badminton.
Favourite Expression:—"This is the control centre speaking."
Favourite Pastime:—Doing my nails.
Ambition:—To speak seven languages.



ANN STIKEMAN—"Stikeman A." Prefect on Rideau
1959–1964
Westmount, Quebec
"She put her brain into neutral, and let her tongue idle on."
Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B; Choir; Dramatics; Glee Club; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis; Badminton; Swimming.
Favourite Pastime:—Listening to music and reading.
Favourite Expression:—"Rats!"
Pet Aversion:—Buttons in Bed Mattresses.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN—"Stikeman E or Lizzy" Head of Montcalm
1959–1964
Westmount, Quebec
"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"
Activities:—Sports Captain - V A, VI B, VI A; Junior Cottage Prefect; Choir; Glee Club; Library Committee; Dramatics; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Public Speaking; Current Events; Vaulting Club.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skating; Skiing; Badminton; Tennis; Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"Where's my school-girl's diary?"
Pet Aversion:—Being called Ann.
Favourite Pastime:—Reading.

MARCELLA VICKERS—"Pogi" Prefect on Montcalm
1958–1964
Montreal, Quebec
"It is better to remain silent and appear ignorant,
than to open your mouth and remove all doubt."
Activities:—Sports Captain - IV A; Junior Cottage Prefect; Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross Secretary, VI A; Vaulting Club; Current Events.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton.
Favourite Expression:—"You wouldn't believe it!"
Pet Aversion:—People who call me Marcella but mean Pogi.
Prototype:—"Little Lotta."

MARGARET WEBSTER—"Margie" Head of Macdonald
1960–1964
Sherbrooke, Quebec
"The blush is beautiful but it is sometimes inconvenient."
Activities:—Form Captain - V A; Sports Captain - VI A; Head of Library Committee; Dramatics; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Dancing; Public Speaking.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Badminton; Tennis; Swimming.
Favourite Expression:—"Rats."
Prototype:—"Maggie Muggins."

MISS RAMSAY
1943 - 1963

Each individual who reads this name will recall hundreds of mental pictures, and in every case a reminiscent smile will testify to the happy and amusing situations connected with Miss Ramsay and her years at King's Hall. There may be a few who shudder as they recall the scoldings — well earned! — strongly worded, but always fair, that were the aftermath of some peccadillo. The hours spent by Miss Ramsay helping those who were behind in their work were gratefully remembered by many when they reached Matric. and found that without the good foundation laid in V A and VI B they would have been sadly at sea. As Form Mistress, Miss Ramsay was guardian of the manners and behaviour of the girls and her sympathy and understanding have been appreciated by generations of Comptonites.

As a member of staff Miss Ramsay was unfailing in her duty and an inspiration to many. She is greatly missed by all of us. Much could be said, but those who knew her and worked with her do not need to have her good qualities stated. In any case, Miss Ramsay would be highly embarrassed and that is not our intention in this tribute.

From one and all — girls to Staff — past to present — we are sorry you have left K.H.C. We know that you are doing an excellent job in your new career. You are greatly missed, but our best wishes go to you for continued success and happiness.

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Dear Rideauites,

It has been so long since our first meeting that all we can remember is being scared. We are no longer scared of you, but we are very proud of you. You have been a great House with lots of spirit and "get-up-and-go." What's more, you are co-ordinated, which shows up well on the sports chart. We have loved every meeting since that first one back in September, and whether we came first or third, it did not matter, because you always had that exuberant spirit which makes Rideau the "Most"!

We both want to thank you for every moment of the past year. Good luck to you all, and to the prefects of next year. You are getting a great bunch of girls.

Love,

BRIDGET and ANN.



MONTCALM REPORT

Dear Montcalmites,

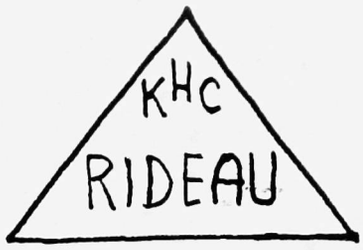
As you all read this letter, you will be planning for the awaited summer, but for just a second let's think over these past nine months and twenty-five days since we arrived here in September. We have all had our "ups" and "downs" (especially Montcalm) but we've learnt never to give up, for the best man always wins — and on our House we've got the "best men!"

In the future, when we look back on our light blue ties and take out our Montcalm pins, we shall always remember our "fabulous forty-seven" (all of you that is!) Whether we come out on top or at the end we'll still know that your House spirit is there.

With these parting words, we wish both luck and happiness to Montcalm — to you and your Prefects in the following years.

Love always,

LIZZIE and POGI.



MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

Hi Angels!

As this year comes to an end, we find that we have many fond memories of you all — of

—all the times we marched into House meetings holding aloft Macdee, and beaming almost as broadly as he (she, it?).

—all the times we trudged into House meetings — not exactly jubilant; (well, we had to let others come first once in a while;)

—cheering for Macdonald until we were purple in the face, hoarse, and deaf in both ears;

—running around the gym. or whacking the volley ball in House games, and wasn't it a great feeling when we came first?

—the excitement of the swimming meet! We didn't come first, but we had the best-looking bathing beauties!

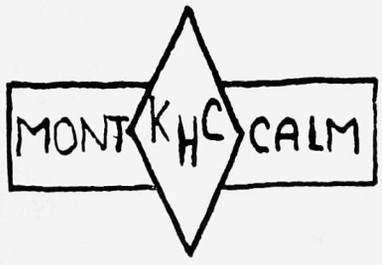
Most important of all, we'll remember your spirit when the chips were down, and the great come-backs you always made. That is why, of course, our House motto is "Gold Never Tarnishes."

We wish next year's Prefects and those who follow, as much luck and happiness as we have had with a wonderful House.

With love and best wishes
to you all,

MARGIE and CHARLI.

P.S. "And thanks for the memories — —"



School Calendar

	1963	
School opened for the Christmas Term	Sept.	10
Appointment of the Prefects	Sept.	20
The Matric. Entertainment	Sept.	22
Soccer Match — Staff vs. Girls	Sept.	22
Lecture on Australia	Sept.	29
Soccer Match — K.H.C. vs. Sherbrooke High School at K.H.C.	Oct.	9
Thanksgiving Weekend	Oct.	12-14
Soccer Match — K.H.C. vs. B.U. at K.H.C.	Oct.	17
Soccer Match — K.H.C. vs. Magog High School at K.H.C.	Oct.	21
Three Plays at B.U.	Oct.	25
Dance at B.C.S.	Oct.	26
Soccer Match — K.H.C. Junior Team vs. Sherbrooke Junior Team	Oct.	28
Bach Recital by Rosalyn Tureck — at B.U.	Oct.	28
Soccer Matches — K.H.C. Senior and Junior Teams vs. Sherbrooke Senior and Junior Teams	Oct.	30
Recital at K.H.C. — Pupils and Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson	Nov.	23
Public Speaking at K.H.C.	Nov.	23
Christmas Examinations	Nov.	30
Miss Gillard's Birthday	Dec.	4
Carol Service and Christmas Party	Dec.	8
School closed for Christmas Vacation	Dec.	13
	1964	
School re-opened for Easter Term	Jan.	7
Dance Recital at K.H.C. — Shivaram	Jan.	12
French Plays — Juniors and VI B's	Jan.	27
Formal Dance at K.H.C.	Jan.	31
Public Speaking Finals at K.H.C.	Feb.	7
Illustrated Lecture — Bishop of the Arctic	Feb.	9
Science Film — "Circulation of the Blood"	Feb.	9
Choir sang Service at St. George's Church, Lennoxville and were guests for luncheon	Feb.	16
Science Film	Feb.	23
"Henry IV" at B.C.S.	Feb.	28
Guests of Stanstead at hockey match, dinner and dance	Feb.	29
College Boards written at B.C.S.	Mar.	7
Science Film	Mar.	8
Sugaring-Off at home of Mr. and Mrs. Johanne	Mar.	11
"Twelfth Night" at B.U.	Mar.	13
Swimming Meet	Mar.	15
Junior Recital	Mar.	15
Concert — Deep Purples, at K.H.C.	Mar.	16
School closed for Easter Vacation	Mar.	18
School re-opened for Summer Term	Apr.	2
Visit to Sherbrooke Hospital	Apr.	11
Scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and Operetta — "The Puppet Show" by VI B	Apr.	12
Illustrated Lecture — Wild Life in Arctic	Apr.	25
Invitation Dance — B.C.S.	Apr.	25
Matriculation Exams	Apr.	29
Confirmation	May	6-9
V A Plays	May	17
Final School Examinations	May	27
Closing Church Service	June	4
School Closing	June	5

THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

Autumn term, 1963, and once again almost fifty new girls were running around in bewildered circles. On September 22, therefore, the Matric. Form had their "Entertainment" to settle everyone in. They first planned to have a hot-dog roast outside around the fire, but as so often happens, the plans changed and we had hot dogs inside for supper. After supper we went outside, and when the surrounding trees had been robbed of more than a hundred sticks for roasting marshmallows, the bonfire was lit and the real entertainment began.

Staff and girls gathered round, and then the Matrics. trooped in, led by Wendy Rankin. They were dressed in very varied costumes, ranging from babies and dignified English ladies to cowboys of the "wild and woolly west." They acted "What's the matter, Ma?" which produced hoots of laughter from everyone. Once settled around the fire they sang a parody of "Hello, Mother, Hello, Father," changing it into the typical "home-letter" of a new girl, thoroughly confused by her first weeks at school.

When the big bonfire came to a great blaze, the Matrics. passed around marshmallows, which were truly roasted over the fire. As several girls had guitars, ukeleles, and bongo drums, they formed almost a regular orchestra, and they played in a group while everyone, girls and Staff, joined in the old favourite songs. Singing, playing, and marshmallow roasting continued until the fire had died down and everyone was too full of marshmallows to sing any more. All dragged themselves inside to bed, worn out but nevertheless well "entertained," and I'm sure the Matrics. left nobody without the feeling of being truly at home at K.H.C., ready to start a good school year.

JOY BALLOCH, VI A.

THE TEA DANCE

"Twas the night of the Tea Dance,
And all through the school,
Not a creature was. . ."

A bell went and the corridors became alive with girls rushing to and fro. Rollers were yanked out in haste and dresses of all sizes and shapes were taken from their hangers. Amongst the hustle, gay shouts, such as "Where's my dress?," "Has anyone got some lipstick?," and "Oh, no! My stocking has run already," filled the air.

Another bell rang, and before we knew it we were in buses, had arrived at B.C.S. and the evening of October 26th had really begun. As we reached the gym. with our partners we noticed the elaborate decorations — with the Hallowe'en theme predominating. On one wall were three large-sized "Peanuts" cartoons and from a basketball basket was suspended a witch on her broom.

The evening got in full swing with a Sadie Hawkins, Paul Jones, and many other dances, such as the bunny-hop which everyone participated in enthusiastically. As an addition to the band's own music, three or four of the boys occupied our attention as they played a guitar, drums and piano respectively.

Presently the dance ended and we were on our way back to school, some clutching balloons and streamers as remembrances of an enjoyable evening.

". . . stirring,
Not even a mouse!"

ANDREA COWANS, VI A.

THE BACH RECITAL

"Wasn't that breath-taking?"
"I have never heard anything as beautiful in all my life!"

"That **was** superb playing, wasn't it?"

These were just a few of the comments overheard by the audience at the All-Bach Recital given by the distinguished pianist, Rosalyn Tureck, at Bishop's University on October the twenty-eighth. None of these comments **quite** describe our feeling about the performance.

The programme included Two Preludes and Fugues in C and D Major; the unique descriptive "Capriccio on a Departing Brother"; Partita No. 2 in C Minor; Four Two-Part Inventions; Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in D Major, as well as two brilliant encores. Although these are among Bach's best-loved compositions they are so simple and beautiful that they could be easily understood by all the audience, students and adults alike.

Besides being comprehensible to all, the programme was delightfully varied. Included were numbers of great dignity and simplicity, of a majestic and rhythmic turn, and of a lilting and gay mood. The final number ended with a brilliant virtuoso flourish and was greeted by wild applause from the audience. This is one recital that we shall never forget as long as we live.

JUDY STAIRS, VI A.

PIANO RECITALS

Autumn Term

Up and down the keyboard raced the nimble fingers of Debbie Hornig as she opened the Fall Term piano recital with Three Traditional Airs. Under the direction of the two music mistresses, Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson, twelve King's Hall pianists performed their various pieces, ranging from the early Romantic period to the modern period, thus providing a delightful Sunday evening entertainment for the whole school, including Miss Gillard, the Staff, and our guests, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown. A gay number on the flute by Dale Ellson, accompanied on the piano by Miss Tudor Jones, added variety and a thrill to it all.

To wind up the programme Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson played a series of two duets by Mozart and Thiman. The co-ordination and skill of their playing resulted in a wonderful harmony of sound. Thus Sunday, November twenty-third, was not the dull evening Sunday usually is, but a bright memory for all. Our warmest congratulations to the pupil performers, and our special thanks to Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson.

Easter Term

The music recital, held on Sunday, March fifteenth, brought the term to a grand finale. Besides the very well executed pieces of the dozen music students who performed, there was many an added attraction. The first of these was the Junior House Glee Club, which sang excerpts from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore." Miss Hewson was the director. The other item of special interest was the V A and VI B Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Tudor Jones, singing "Hickory Dickory Dock" and "The Dance." Thus the term ended with enjoyment for performers and listeners alike.

Our thanks go to Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Hewson, who gave up hours of their free time to provide us all with so much pleasure.

JUDITH STAIRS, VI A.

THE CAROL SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PARTY

The curtains are drawn back. We see a small, pale girl sitting up in her bed surrounded by her parents, sisters, and brothers. Outside it is snowing and we realize that Christmas time is near. When asked what she would like for Christmas, the little girl refuses candy and toys and asks her parents if she may invite some poor children to enjoy the Christmas celebrations with them. The gay singing and general happiness that followed are very moving because we realize that this is probably the last Christmas that the little girl will ever have. When the curtains closed, the applause was loud and long. This short play, "My Christmas Carol," was put on by the V B's under the direction of Miss Hewson. Their excellent acting and merry singing combined to make a truly enjoyable production.

After the play, carols were sung by various groups in various languages. These put everyone into the Christmas mood. We are much indebted to Miss Tudor Jones for training these groups so beautifully and also to Mademoiselle Cailteux for the time she spent in perfecting the pronunciation and accent of those singing the French carols.

When the singing was over we went downstairs and passed through the glass passage, which was softly lighted by the choir girls' candles. They were singing "Silent Night" accompanied by our "orchestra" composed of Mrs. Aitken at the organ, Miss Hewson at the piano, Miss Tudor Jones with the violin and Miss Wallace with the flute. We then entered the lounge, where we filled every nook and cranny. The lounge walls were covered with original drawings of Santa and his reindeer followed by brightly-coloured, leaping elves. The VI A's were responsible for these drawings and for all the decorations.

Soon we heard a loud "Ho, ho!" and in pranced Santa, accompanied by gaily-clothed assistants who distributed his presents to the members of the Staff. With each gift was a witty verse composed by the Matrics. More carols followed, and by bed time I am sure each girl felt very happy to know that Christmas was so near.

DENISE SHALOM, VI A.

P.S.—Perhaps Old Girls would be interested to know that the School's gift to each member of the Staff was a hand-made box of fine wood, about six inches square, with the King's Hall crest on the cover. It is a gift very much prized.

SHIVARAM

On Sunday evening, January thirteenth, a curious audience gathered in the Prep. Hall to witness a performance of Hindu Temple Dancing. A bulletin announcing the coming of Shivaram, a Hindu associated with the Royal Vancouver Ballet, had been posted in the front hall earlier that week, but it had given us no inkling of what we were to expect.

Before Shivaram himself appeared on stage, Miss Lightfoot, his interpreter and business manager, told us of the rigid training of the candidates who choose to become Hindu Temple Dancers, and a little of the history of this ancient ritual.

Shivaram opened his programme with an Invocation Dance to Shiva, Lord of the Dance, which is traditional at the beginning of a performance. The next quarter of the programme was spent in demonstrating the basic exercises practiced for hours each day by the young dancers in training. Much to our amazement these included such feats as revolving the eyeballs in figure-eights.

As a further introduction to the actual dances, Shivaram next demonstrated the gestures symbolizing words and ideas. Miss Lightfoot explained that one function of the Temple Dances is to translate by dance and gesture the Hindu Scriptures, which are written in Sanscrit. Although the common people cannot read Sanscrit they do understand the gestures used in the sacred dances and to them, each dance tells a definite story. It amazed us to learn that practically every word and idea can be expressed by a motion of the hands, a certain way of lifting the feet, a turn of the head or even the position of the eyes. In demonstrating these gestures Shivaram proved that his facial muscles are as flexible as his fingers or his feet.

Now we were prepared for the actual dances. These were, as said above, really stories in pantomime. I think this part of the performance was the most popular with us, for it was something we could all follow and enjoy. One dance in particular, concerning a little boy, his younger sister and his kite, appealed to everyone. Another was the story of a snake-charmer, while still another portrayed the day of a peacock.

All Shivaram's dances were accompanied by recorded music of a most mysterious tempo, with which he was in perfect accord. The music, Shivaram's great talent, and his costumes of exotic hues and shimmering materials built up a most impressive atmosphere and made the evening an exciting and memorable one.

Mary Stratford, VI A.

THE FORMAL DANCE

"The boys are here!" a cry rang out. The time? Ten to nine. The date? January the thirty-first, 1964. The results? Chaos! More than one hundred and forty girls rushed along the lower corridor finishing their last-minute preparations, and hustled into line for the dreaded "pairing-off." We then walked up to the gym. with our partners. . .

The band started and we all began dancing, but as the band played on more and more boys kept piling in until there were two and a half boys for every girl! The presence of so many people discouraged any hope of a "bunny-hop." We didn't dare try one in case the gym. floor might collapse and land us all in the pool below. As the saying goes, "The more the merrier", and the dance turned out to be fun and very gay. At ten o'clock a delicious supper was served. The Matrics. and VI A's went to the lounge, while the rest of the school had their refreshments in the dining-room. In the lounge everyone listened to "Beatle" records, as Jerry had conveniently disconnected the TV. (The Olympics were being televised that night!)

After supper we went back to the gym. for an hour and a half of dancing and tremendous fun. A few young ladies (?) found a different way to enjoy themselves. They stood at the top of the stairs and began lowering a stuffed animal on a string down to the front hall!

Too soon the music ended and the band packed up their instruments. The time? One o'clock. The date? February first, 1964. The result? More than one hundred and forty dreamy-eyed girls wearily made their way upstairs and into bed, as four bus-loads of boys pulled out of the driveway. The "Formal" had ended once again — for another year!

Priscilla Barker, VI A.

P.S.—Although there were two and a half boys for every Comptonite, everyone managed to have a good look at the decorations made by those modest VI A's. The theme was a country garden, magnified so that even the tiniest ladybug seemed to occupy most of a wall! Colourful flowers and floating streamers added to the general mood of gaiety, and towards the end of the party a few boys were lucky enough to grab some of the balloons that were suspended from the balcony. In fact, most people were so impressed with the VI A's decorations, that they took a piece of the artistic work as their memento of the wonderful dance.

Christine Iversen, VI B.

THE FRENCH PLAYS

This year as usual, "the French evening," on January 26th, was a great success. Though the event is traditionally called the "French Plays," this year the programme did not consist of plays at all. Instead, Madame Landes produced a series of everyday scenes, enacted by the VI B's. These included an interview with a watchmaker, a drycleaner and a dressmaker. Then a group of V A's presented a street scene, in which various topics were discussed by several different couples.

The Juniors presented two amusing little skits, one in a restaurant and the other in a shoestore. These also brought in everyday conversation, and the girls' cleverly devised costumes added to the reality of the scenes. In addition to these, the Juniors recited several short poems. Two girls from IV A recited "Le Corbeau et le Renard" and "La Petite Hirondelle," while some V B's recited "Le Laboreur et ses Enfants" and "Le Loup et L'Agneau."

The evening ended with the Juniors singing French songs. Miss Hewson had trained them to sing "Au Claire de la Lune," "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," and "Chanter Allouette."

SYDNEY MCDOWELL, VI A.

VI B PLAY AND OPERETTA

On Sunday, April 12th, the VI B's acted three scenes from Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice," directed by Miss Fairweather, and an Operetta "The Puppet Show" which was under Miss Hewson's direction.

The scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" were a great success. As most of us had already studied or read the play, we had a good idea of what it was about. Elizabeth Paterson, Judy Bonnar and Marilyn Nichols, who played Shylock, Bassanio and Antonio, respectively, acted their parts extremely well, giving a genuine feeling for the parts they were playing. There is a great deal of dramatic irony in the second scene, and Portia, acted by Kathleen Mackay, Gratiano by Brenda Peck, and Nerissa by Louise Mundy also played their parts well. Their facial expressions and intonation were exceedingly good. Cathlyn Cook as Launcelot, created comedy in the last scene. The lovely costumes and authentic make-up all added to the effectiveness of the play.

"The Puppet Show" was a most delightful Operetta. There was a bit of political satire in it, which made it even more enjoyable. The singing was very enjoyable. It is impossible even to begin comparing the soloists because they were all equally good. All the puppets not only sang well, but also showed unusual acting ability. Especially outstanding were the two comic characters, the General, Madeleine Thomas, and Mme. Tremolo, Julia Kenny. The stage setting was artistic and the actors and actresses moved about with ease.

Both plays were very much appreciated by the rest of the school. In ten or fifteen years, I would not be the least bit surprised to see some of these actresses on Broadway or in the Metropolitan Opera! We all wish to thank the actresses, the helpers behind stage, Miss Tudor Jones who helped with the make-up, and especially Miss Fairweather and Miss Hewson for a most enjoyable evening.

BEVERLY BRYANT, VI A.

TWELFTH NIGHT

On Friday night, March thirteenth, the girls from V A to Matric., instead of starting up the stairs to bed poured out of the front door, piled into three waiting buses. We were on our way to Bishop's University to see "Twelfth Night" presented by the students and directed by Professor Motyer.

The moment we arrived we entered the world of Shakespeare. Girls dressed as pages ushered us to our seats, arranged around an apron stage. Soft music at the back of the theatre warned us that the play was about to begin. When the curtain rose the light was so dim we could just see three dark figures against a pale blue background. Slowly the setting came clearer. In a small balcony a group of minstrels played softly. Their music, accompanying the songs of Feste added to our pleasure. As is done sometimes at Stratford, the actors came down the aisle from the back of the theatre. This made us feel as if we were really in an Elizabethan theatre. In the grand finale the players all moved around the stage in groups of three. The whole performance was excellently done. The VI A's, having studied "Twelfth Night" this year, found the production particularly enjoyable. "Twelfth Night" certainly kept that day from feeling like a "Friday the thirteenth."

DIANA BRYANT, VI A.

CURRENT EVENTS

In Canada, in the United States, and throughout the world, this year has been full of dramatic events. The VI A's and Matrics. at King's Hall owe much to Miss Morris for helping them to keep in step with the news. We have met every Wednesday night to watch the news on television and to discuss the events of the past week. These weekly meetings have been most enjoyable and rewarding, for Miss Morris helped us not only to know what was happening but why it was happening. We should like to thank her for all the time she has given to us this year.

BETTY JANE PUNNETT, Matric.



Picture by S. SHALOM

THE CHOIR

Nervously they cued up outside the studio of Miss Tudor Jones, humming various scales and picking up last minute hints on sight-reading. One after another they left the studio, breathless and red in the face from the last bar-line which had a whole note three-quarter rest.

The following Saturday the choir list was posted. Twenty-five girls were to appear — ON TIME — for the first practice. Wendy Rankin, the head of the choir, was to be crucifer with Elizabeth Macnaughton as substitute.

Although we worked hard for the Christmas service in the first term, we managed an anthem, "Praise To The Lord," for Thanksgiving. For the Christmas service we sang several selections, Jean Walbridge singing a solo in "The Little Road To Bethlehem." The choir also went caroling, stopping around the school at seven or eight different places, visiting the Staff and Junior cottages and also singing for the Rectory and for Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown.

The second term was less exciting, but just as busy. On the sixteenth of February the choir was invited to sing at St. George's in Lennoxville, where the members were served lunch by the Ladies' Guild after the service. The anthem sung there was "I Waited For The Lord"; this was sung at school also, during the term.

At the start of the third term, the choir prepared for the Confirmation Service in which they sang "Prevent Us, O Lord." During the term they sang "Flocks In Pastures Green Abiding" and on Whit Sunday "God is a Spirit." From there on the choir polished up "Exutabit" and "The Lord is My Shepherd" for the Closing Service.

On behalf of the choir, I should like to thank Miss Tudor Jones for all her help and patience in making this a successful year. I should also like to congratulate Wendy Rankin on being such a fine head.

ANN STIKEMAN, Matric.



JUNIOR RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Back Row: B. KIRBY, G. RUSSEL, W. LEGGAT, S. HUTCHINS
Front Row: S. PECK (Secretary), W. RANKIN, (President), K. MILLS

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross has been a great success this year, we feel. At the beginning of the first term the committee was elected and at once started to hold meetings with the school every Sunday afternoon. The members of the committee felt that everyone would benefit from these meetings, where new ideas could be brought up and discussed. We decided that every Form was to hold at least one money-raising project. These ranged from guessing games to raffles, and to "slave sales." Through the co-operation and originality of every Form we managed to raise two hundred and fifty-five dollars. Some of this money was spent on supplying every girl with a white enamel Red Cross pin and a white badge.

In addition to the separate Form projects all the girls in the school combined on three undertakings. We all made Hallowe'en favours for children in the Montreal hospitals and managed to send in a great box of these favours along with mats and candy. We also joined the other Quebec Junior Red Cross groups in the "Cent for the Centenary — Stamp out Hunger Campaign." At the back of each Form Room were posted two white crosses containing the pictures of two hungry children. Every time anyone contributed ten cents she would put a red sticker on the cross, stamping out the face of a hungry child. For this campaign we raised about ten dollars. Throughout the year we collected used stamps which were sent to the Montreal headquarters and used to buy spectacles for needy children.

At the beginning of November the President went to Montreal to represent King's Hall at the annual High School convention. Both president and secretary-treasurer were invited to attend two meetings of the Eastern Townships Branch, but were unfortunately not able to do so.

This year, as in the past, our major effort was concentrated on making the garments, toys and scrapbooks which we presented at the annual Red Cross evening, April the twenty-sixth. Each Form made a remarkably fine contribution. The Juniors gave articles made in their Household Science classes, and also stuffed animals, books, and toys built with wooden blocks. The V A's and VI B's made racks of beautifully finished dresses, slacks, blouses, and shorts. These were done under the helpful guidance of Mademoiselle Gauthier, without whom there could have been no Red Cross Evening. The VI A's and Matric's. also had a good display of knitted garments, health kits, and two large afghans. The Staff, as always, showed the very best of their handiwork, their contributions ranging from warm patchwork quilts to the daintiest lacy shawl, knit in white wool.

We must admit a few failures, such as the Canada Scrap Books which we did not complete and the films which we were unable to obtain. However, the Red Cross committee feel that our successes have definitely outnumbered our failures, and that this year — thanks to the co-operation of all the girls in the school — has proved one of the best King's Hall has ever had.

Wendy Rankin, Matric.
(President)

JUNIOR RED CROSS FINCANCIAL REPORT

Earnings

Matric. Raffle	$ 30.10	
VI A Raffle	76.50	
VI B "Slave Sale"	41.00	
V A	72.75	
V B and Juniors	35.75	
Cents for the Centenary	39.50	
Staff Slides	14.69	
Carolling in Montreal	16.30	
Red Cross Pins and Crests.	43.30	
Donation instead of "Revels"	9.00	$ 378.89

Expenditures

Hallowe'en Candy and Serviettes	$ 1.57	
Material for Ditty Bags	24.02	
Express	1.24	
Membership Charge	12.00	$ 38.83
Cash in hand		$ 340.06

Respectfully submitted,
Sara Peck, VI A
(Secretary-Treasurer)

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

If any area of the school has been busy this year, it has been the Household Science Laboratory. There was never a dull moment during the five days of the school week, while often on the week-ends also the Laboratory was full of people doing extra projects.

All girls from IV A to VI B take at least one hour of Household Science a week in order to learn the essentials of sewing, knitting, and cooking. During this time many garments are made such as dresses, blouses, skirts, slacks, pyjamas, and nighties, while the knitted garments include sweaters, hats, mitts, scarves, and booties. This year everything was made and finished with extrem care under Mademoiselle Gauthier's guidance.

Along with these weekly classes, countless hours of extra work during the late afternoon and evening have been put in by Mademoiselle Gauthier and girls to make it possible to supply the Red Cross with innumerable articles of clothing.

Besides the regular instruction given from IV A to VI B a more extensive course is offered to those from VI B to Matriculation who wish to specialize in Household Science. Seven girls took this course this year — two from VI B, one from VI A, and four from Matriculation. These girls spent many

hours a week doing advanced work in sewing and cooking.

Much time has been given to cooking throughout the school. The special Household Science classes have turned out delicious casseroles, salads, pastries, breads, and roasts for many enjoyable luncheons in the Laboratory. The regular classes have concentrated on desserts and candies.

All who took Household Science this year are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and their excellent progress, though we must not forget that without Mademoiselle Gauthier's constance patience and readiness to help both during and after classes, little would have been accomplished. We are all very pleased that Mademoiselle has returned to us after a year's absence. We thank her most sincerely for all that she has done.

KATHARINE MILLS, H. Sc. Matric.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE REPORT

"If a man empty his purse into his head,
no one can take it away from him."

During the second week of the first term the Library Committee joined together once more for what proved to be a very successful year. So many enthusiastic VI A's and VI B's signed up that it was necessary to introduce several new ideas to let each person play her part. Finally we decided to have sixteen different people serving on the committee each term and this arrangement worked very well. The first term was devoted to a thorough clean-up after the summer's interruption. The Library was set completely in order and catalogued as well, by the various members of the committee. At the beginning of the second term we got a dozen new books, which everyone enjoyed, as well as about twenty books kindly donated by Miss Gillard. During the winter the Library Committee made a drive to encourage reading throughout the school by holding "Compton Book Week." Various English teachers gave up a half-hour class during the week and devoted it to discussing books for us. For this we are very thankful. The project was very successful and the long list of recommended books is still in constant use. Besides some bookmending during the middle of the term the members worked hard keeping shelves in order and doing various committee jobs. The third term members kept up their work well, but not as many projects were undertaken because exams were getting close. However, the year has been very fruitful thanks to the girls' constant hard work and interest. I should like to thank each member very sincerely for her faithful service all year. Above all, our grateful thanks go to Miss MacLennan for having patience through thick and thin and directing us so well. Thank you all! Everyone remember, "Keep reading!"

JUDY and BARB.

P.S.—Judy Stairs, Head of the Library Committee, and Barbara Brockunier, Assistant Head, deserve much credit for their splendid organization and contagious enthusiasm. F. MACLENNAN

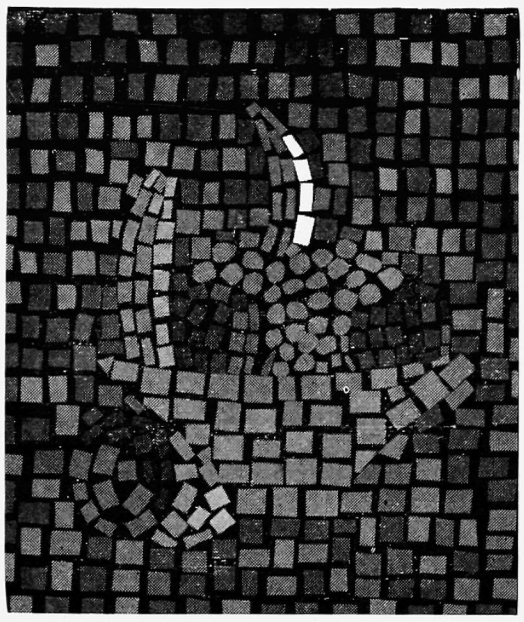
PUBLIC SPEAKING

"I had to laugh to see a calf walk down the path —." At King's Hall we are not only taught proper pronunciation and enunciation, but we are also encouraged to make speeches in public. From the Junior School through to VI B the Public Speaking is confined to the Form room, but great enthusiasm is shown. The V A's even held a debate, while VI B had an animated session on "Careers." The Matrics. (if they have time) and the VI A's make their speeches first in their Form Rooms, but later before the whole school, including Miss Gillard and the Staff.

Our first Public Speaking evening in the Prep. Hall was held on November twenty-third, with eight VI A's speaking on a variety of topics. All the speeches were excellent and the atmosphere calm and friendly. With the Staff as judges, four were chosen for the school finals. Of these the winner would be sent to Sherbrooke to represent King's Hall at the semi-finals of the McGill Alumnae Public Speaking Competition for High School girls of Quebec Province. The four who spoke at the school finals were Joy Balloch, whose subject was "The Sea", Joan Eakin, who spoke on "Happiness", and Priscilla Barker and Mary Stratford who tied for third place and who amused us very much with — respectively — "Silence" and "Names." Finally Joan Eakin was selected to go to Sherbrooke, where, much to our satisfaction, she won the semi-finals. This meant that she was off to Montreal on February 26 to speak in the Finals, held at McGill. This was the big contest! Joan came second, and we are all very proud of her. Her subject was "The Best Part of Being Young."

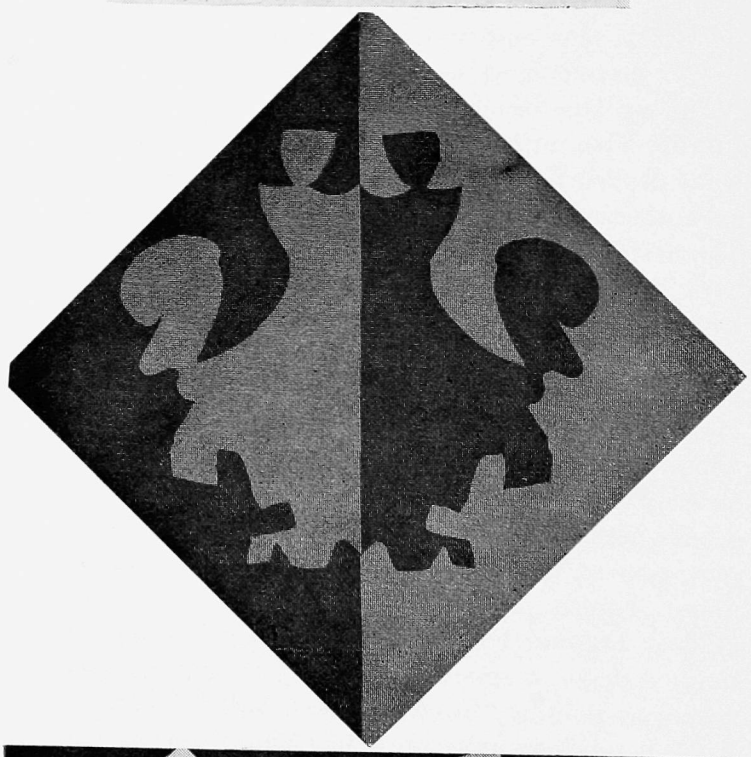
Public Speaking is not easy. It is important to have people to help and encourage us. On behalf of the VI A speakers I should like to thank Miss MacLennan for her help and for the time that was given to each speech. The Juniors and V A's are most grateful to Miss Marchant, and the VI B's to Miss Fairweather. We all feel that the Public Speaking has been worth the time and effort it took.

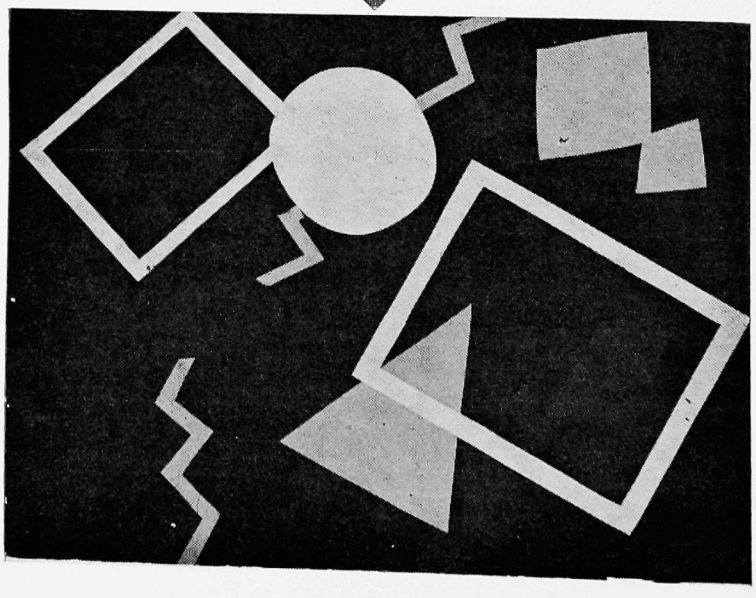
SUSAN BUCHAN, VI A.











PICTURE CREDITS

Paper Mosaic — VI B. Susan Johnston
Charcoal Drawing — V A Sheena Myers
Folded Paper Design — IV A Deborah Hornig
Pen and Ink Drawing — VI B Vickie Druce
Paper Design — VI A Catherine Lawson
Scratch Picture — VI B Tory Nicholls

ART REPORT

Under the supervision of Miss May, who joined the Staff this year, the work of the Art studio has been very successful and has been carried on with great enthusiasm. Every girl in the school from IV A through VI B took one art lesson a week, while 9 girls, from VI A and VI B were taking "Special Art", a course leading to McGill matriculation.

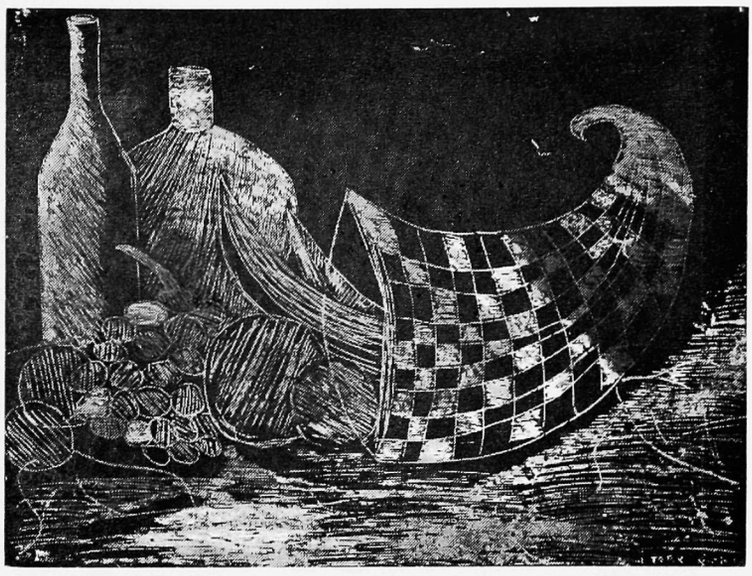
Throughout the year the courses of the regular classes were divided between individual work and group projects. Among our projects were experiments in various types of print: monotypes, and potato and carboard printing. Another project was sculpting in papier-maché, clay or plasticine. Some Forms made murals, of which several were hung in the dining-room for a few weeks. The individual work was based mostly on design. We were free to use all kinds of materials and some of the designs were very effective.

An interesting innovation this year was the holding of monthly exhibitions, where the work completed during the month was shown. Miss May started us off by hanging the paintings and prints from her own Graduation Exhibition at Mount Allison. The monthly exhibitions of our work enabled Staff and students to see what was being done, and to criticize and offer suggestions. Miss May also selected a representative collection of work for the Youth Festival Exhibition held in Sherbrooke in April.

Not only did we attempt creative work ourselves, but VI B devoted the last few weeks of school to studying trends in art and architecture from the Renaissance period on to the present day. This was a fascinating project, which the VI B's hope will be continued in future years.

This has been a very interesting year owing mainly to Miss May's organization and help, and to the enthusiasm and ambition she aroused in us all.

Madelene Thomas, VI.



Valete!

In June 1963 the school was sorry to lose several Staff.

Miss Helen Reid came to K.H.C. in 1961 from Edinburgh University to teach Mathematics to High School grades, and she was also Form Mistress of V A. Her abounding energy enlivened every aspect of school activities. During the winter months she was frequently to be seen "bombing" the slopes at Hillcrest with a date square in one hand and a square date in the other. She has just returned from a holiday in the U.S.S.R. to her studies at Oxford University.

Miss Alison Beaton also came to K.H.C. in 1961 from Mount Allison University to teach Art and she is now doing Interior Decorating in St. John, New Brunswick.

Miss Eunice Thorne taught junior English, History and Nature Study and was Form Mistress of IV A. She is now working in England.

Mademoiselle Paquette taught Domestic Science and is now married and living in Sherbrooke.

We should like to thank all these Staff for the help and energy that they devoted to school life and wish them every success in the future.



PICTURE CREDITS

Christmas Party in Matric. — E. Macnaughton
Matric. Hootenany — E. Macnaughton
Music hath charms — M. Grant
Chez Nous — E. Macnaughton
Sun Worshippers — M. Grant

VI A FORM REPORT

Adding to the confusion of arrival on September the eleventh, were twenty-nine VI A "Angels" (?). Three new girls freely joined in a gossip session about the "good ol' summer time" along with the twenty-six friends who returned.

We started the year with a big bang — the Matric. bonfire, where dozens of marshmallows were easily tucked away, the VI A's having their full share of the fun. Thanksgiving week-end popped up like a jack-in-the-box and disappeared as quickly as it had come. Entertainment was always 'round the corner and we were well represented at the tea-dance. Before we realized what had happened we were putting on our best English accents for our skit on Hallowe'en night. Soon we were busy doing our gay decorations for the school Christmas party. Barb, as Santa, greatly added to our gay spirits at our own Form party, making it a great success.

After a marvellous month of leisure, back we were to begin again, only this time with the Formal Dance in the offing. The decorations were a great challenge and we hope a success, thanks to everyone's enthusiastic work. Various plays at B.C.S. and B.U., and a perfect carnival day and dance at Stanstead gave us immense enjoyment. During the last term we were involved in a hard study period, in which the B.C.S. Cadet Dance came as a very pleasant break.

Throughout the three terms our academic life was punctuated with various clubs directed by Staff and joined by enthusiastic girls. Included were our Theatre Club (Shakespearean recordings), and Poetry Club, our Music Club, Vaulting, and Current Events. Some of us took part in the Public Speaking competition, and many of us were on the Library Committee. Our most sincere thanks go to Miss Morris, Miss MacLennan, Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Braddick for sponsoring these activities.

Do not get the idea that our main theme was entertainment, for sports took up a great deal of our school life. Many VI A's were keen soccer players and some were on the first school team. Others took an active part in the very encouraging cheer-leading which spurred the school to victory—or at least to putting forth its best effort. Skating and our weekly skiing at Hillcrest were the main sports of the second term. One of our number, Joan Eakin, made her name known all over the province by winning the Tashereau Ski Race. Congratulations, Joanie! Our ski hike proved lots of fun, and thanks to Miss Wallace we managed to keep two fires burning all through lunch. The skill of various swimmers was tested in the annual Swim Meet, organized by Miss Braddick. In the third term we spent all our outdoor time on the tennis courts. Our various abilities showed in the tennis tournament, which was very successsful and a great deal of fun for all. Indoor sports included ping-pong, badminton and volleyball, which everyone loved. Our Sports Captains, Joan Eakin, Char Stinson, and Andy Cowans did much to encourage our good sportsmanship and we are very grateful to them for taking such a live interest.

Our time was not all spent on sports and entertainment. We had our studious early risers and those, not so energetic in the early morning, who stayed awake for such nightly activities as surreptitious reading and Freedy Miller's midnight birthday party. The latter resulted in writing lines at two a.m. Besides this, our life was rounded out with numerous less ambitious feasts and light escapades.

Our Red Cross Society and Magazine Committee kept us on our toes all year. For the Red Cross we had a successful raffle and under the leadership of Wendy Leggat and Sara Peck we managed to have a nice showing on "Red Cross Night." Spurred on in the various magazine departments by Barbara, Joy, Muffy, Sara Peck and Andy, we hope that our share of the magazine will be good.

We all had a great year, and we owe much of this to our wonderful Form Mistress, Miss Morris. Thank you very much, Miss Morris, for helping us to make this year fruitful and happy for all. To all VI A "Angels", thanks so much for being co-operative and making this year really fun!

JUDY, DENISE, JOAN.

VI B FORM REPORT

This year VI B was exceptionally large, having forty-three girls. Because of this the Form was split into two sections, VI B Large and VI B Small. VI B Large has twenty-four girls in it, and VI B Small, nineteen. The members of the Form represent a great many places, including South and Central America, the United States, and many different provinces of Canada.

The Captains for the Autumn term were, in VI B Large, Kathlean Mackay, Form; and Margo Chapman, Sports; in VI B Small, Christine Prescott, Form; and Elizabeth Paterson, Sports. During this term we played a great deal of soccer. For the first time a Junior Soccer team was formed with VI B and V A.

The Captains for the Winter term were Susan Fleming, Form, and Gretchen Gurney, Sports for VI B Large; with Louise Mundy, Form, and Brenda Peck, Sports, for VI B Small. The sports activities we enjoyed were skiing at Hillcrest and skating here at King's Hall. One Friday evening after Prep. we had a skating party together with V A. Later we gathered in the kitchen for hot cocoa and buns with the Form Mistresses and also Miss Fairweather and Miss MacDonald.

Our Junior Red Cross representatives were Stephanie Hutchins for VI B Large and Gail Russel for VI B Small. For the last two years our Form has had a "slave drive" in order to earn money for the Red Cross. One was held again this year and caused many amusing situations, as can be imagined.

We should like to thank Madame Landes for the time she devoted to the three French skits we put on in front of the school. We all greatly enjoyed performing them.

This year, on account of an early spring, we were unable to go on a ski hike when we had planned it. Instead, Miss Tudor Jones kindly offered to take us on a walking hike. In spite of a little weariness, we found the hike an excellent way to end the Winter term.

For the Summer term the Captains were as follows: VI B Large, Norah Doheny, Form and Virginia Parke, Sports; VI B Small, Judith Bonnar, Form and Jennifer Robb, Sports.

On the second week-end of this term we put on two plays — excerpts from "The Merchant of Venice," directed by Miss Fairweather, and an operetta, "The Puppet Show," directed by Miss

Hewson. An admission fee of ten cents was charged and the proceeds went to the Red Cross. Many thanks go to both Miss Fairweather and Miss Hewson for giving up their spare time to make such an evening possible.

Since our hike of the Winter term was such a success, once more we set out, this time accompanied by Miss Oomen and Mrs. Clifton. We started after early church on Sunday morning, May the third, a very hot day. We took our lunch with us. Everyone came back sunburned and tired, but we all had fun.

To both our Form Mistresses, Miss Tudor Jones and Miss Oomen, we owe our greatest thanks for making this year such a success.

Judith Bonnar,
Norah Deane Doheny,
Susan Fleming,
Louise Mundy.

V A FORM REPORT

This year we had a large class of thirty-three girls, the second largest class in the school, who come from all over the Western Hemisphere.

The Eastern Township dwellers are Christine Bacdeker, Ginny Call, Penny Doheny and Pauline Roberts. From the Montreal area come Jennifer Byers, Barbara Campbell, Robyn MacDuff, Margot Magee, Cynthia Moffat, Elizabeth Morgan, Cindy Morton, Mary Sue Philpott, Jill Rankin, Cynthia Sharp, Jackie Worden, and Heather Wyllie. Going farther afield, Betsy Andras, Ann Broomfield, Mary Conduit, Alison Donald, Ann Esdaile, Jan Parke, and Kathy Solandt come from Toronto. Sheana Meyers, Sheila McIver and Nancy Keyes come from the Capital City. Margie Paterson comes from Fort William, Debbie Thompson from Bathurst, N.B. and Gerry Hutchinson from New Liskeard. Dilys Stinson comes from Vermont and Betsy Johnston from Florida. Cindy Dunlop comes from Bermuda and Karen Westhoff from Venezuela.

The first term our Form Captains were Cindy Morton and Mary Sue Philpott, our Sport's Captain was Dilys Stinson, while Jan Parke was elected our Red Cross Representative. We had a V A Soccer team and enjoyed many games amongst ourselves and with other Forms. At Hallowe'en we made favours for the Children's Hospital and put on a short skit depicting K.H.C.'s past, present and future. A few days before leaving for the Christmas holidays, we had a Christmas party. The excitement of going home surged through us all.

In the Winter Term our Form Captain was Dilys Stinson, and our Sport's Captain was Margot Magee. Pauline Roberts was elected as Magazine Representative. We went skiing at Hillcrest many times and Miss Braddick and Miss Evans took us on a ski hike one sunny Sunday afternoon. A Red Cross Raffle was held from which we made over seventy dollars. Later we had a skating party with the VI B's which was great fun and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

In the Spring Term our Form Captain was Betsy Johnston and the Sport's Captain Alison Donald. Our Sport's Captain started us off with a Ping-Pong Tournament which was won by Elizabeth Morgan. Miss Marchant directed three plays. They were "Swords and the Dragon," "Black Coupons" and "The New Order Changeth" and we performed them in aid of the Red Cross. Tennis was the sport this term and we all looked forward to the fine evenings and games after Prep.

We would all like to thank Miss Braddick, our Form Mistress, and Miss Evans on the Upper Corridor, for trying to make us into young ladies. They gave up much of their own time to give us enjoyment and great fun.

Cindy Morton,
Mary Sue Philpott,
Dilys Stinson,
Betsy Johnston.



V B FORM REPORT

This year there were eighteen girls in V B. There were quite a few athletics' fans in the class: Vicky Buchanan, Dale Ellson, Fiona St. Clair, Lizzy Stead, and both our twins — Mary and Martha Jervis-Read. The rest of the people who made up our lively Form were Tina Cross, Norah Carter, Susie Caridi, Brenda Booth, Debby Harris, Ruth Jellicoe, Heather Kaye, Belinda Kirby, Mary McLaughlin, Fran Rogers, Marcia Salmond and Jeffie Waddell.

For the first term Susie Caridi was Form Captain with Dale Ellson as Sports Captain. We then played some soccer and a little tennis, and went swimming on Friday nights. For Hallowe'en we put on a skit "A Typical Night at the Cottage — After Lights." Many of our class took part in the piano recital and Dale Ellson played two pieces on her flute. Near the end of the term we put on a Christmas play — "The Birds' Christmas Carol" — directed by Miss Hewson. Then Christmas rolled in as we rolled out for Christmas holidays.

In our second term, having Fiona St. Clair as Form Captain and Vicky Buchanan as Sports Captain, we found ourselves in the midst of winter sports — skiing, skating and snowballing. As soon as we had returned to work, Madame Landes had us practising for our French Plays and Poems, which we put on in front of the school. After that we were all busy making Valentine Cards to send to our classmates. Then to our great surprise, we had a very enjoyable Valentine's Party which was secretly planned by our Form Mistress, Miss Fairweather, our Form Captain, and our Sports Captain. Then we had a Red Cross raffle, a contest to guess the amount of candy in a jar. This was organized by our two Red Cross representatives, Fiona St. Clair and Belinda Kirby. We made thirty-six dollars and thirty-nine cents.

Before we knew it the Easter holidays had arrived and we all came back from them full of ideas for the third term. We then had Belinda Kirby as our Form Captain and Marcia Salmond as our Sports Captain. Right away we dashed into tennis and spent many hours trying to get a sun tan. We had our serious hours also; seven girls were confirmed in May. Then one Sunday we had a picnic with Miss Fairweather. Near the end of term, with our eyes glued to text books we studied furiously for our exams, and now we find ourselves at the end of another school year.

We would all like to thank Miss Fairweather for all the help she has given us.

SUSIE CARIDI, FIONA ST. CLAIR, BELINDA KIRBY.



IV A FORM REPORT

During this year, since we have only two people in our class, we have been joining in many of the V B's activities.

The first term we organized a soccer team. When we could no longer play soccer because of the bad weather, we went on to play volleyball. At the end of the term we sang Christmas carols in French and put on a Christmas play. When we had our Christmas party at the Cottage, Miss Fairweather, the V B's Form Mistress, and Miss Marchant, our Form Mistress, came over and joined the fun.

The second term we had many winter sports such as skating and skiing. This term we put on French Plays and recited poems under Madame Landes' direction. In the middle of the term we held a candy-counting contest for the Red Cross.

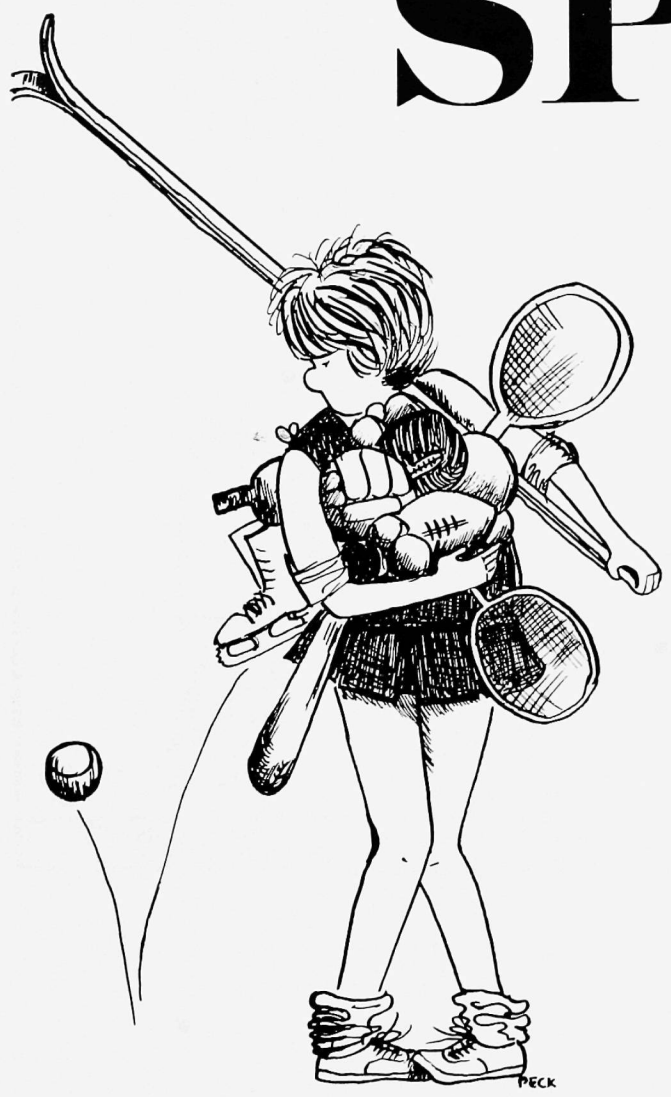
At the end of the term we went on a sugaring-off party and enjoyed it very much. We started a jack tournament, but did not get very far with it because we did not have much time to play.

In the third term we played tennis in the afternoons and in gym periods.

We should like to thank Miss Marchant for being our Form Mistress.

DEBBY HORNIG, IV A.

SPORTS



SPORTS' REPORT

The good sportsmanship shown by the girls in soccer and other games has been outstanding and has made this year's events, both between Houses and against visiting teams, hard fought and exciting for the competitors as well as for the spectators.

During the first term, our Senior and Junior Soccer teams played extremely well, with the proud record of no losses and one tie! We should like to thank Miss Braddick and Miss Keyzer very much for all their help, and also this year's cheer-leaders for their encouraging cheers.

While some were skiing at Hillcrest, during our second term, others took advantage of the skating rink to improve their skating, which was made more enjoyable by the music which Mrs. Aitken supplied. To her we should like to say "Thank you very much."

Miss Braddick encouraged swimming throughout the second term by letting the girls take part in tests which were rewarded by pluses for the individual Houses. An Inter-House swimming meet was arranged and was enjoyed by both the swimmers and the spectators. This successful event was all due to Miss Braddick's hard work and organization.

When we were not swimming, skating or skiing, the afternoons were taken up by House volleyball, snow sculpting, or badminton. Unfortunately a heavy rainfall spoiled the snow sculptures the night after they were made and before there was time to judge them, but we would certainly like to thank all those who made an effort.

In the last term of this school year, there has been great enthusiasm for tennis, which promises good results in the tournaments.

As this is going to press, we are planning a Field Day, which we hope will be enjoyed by everyone.

On behalf of the girls, we should like to thank Miss Keyzer and Miss Braddick for giving so much time to us.

We have enjoyed being your Sports Captains and wish the best of luck to all of you next year.

School Sports Captains:
Julie Clarke,
Susie Graham.



SOCCER TEAM

Front Row: J. Eakin, B. Bryant, J. Clarke (Captain), D. Bryant, J. Francis
Middle Row: E. Macnaughton, C. Stinson, P. Barker, A. Stikeman, A. Newman, A. Cowans, C. Lawson
Back Row: S. McDowell, M. Stratford, W. Rankin, J. McMaster, J. Stainforth, E. Stikeman, C. McDermid

SWIMMING

"Splish, splash, bong!" were the sounds frequently heard from the pool, which was, on the whole, in greater use this year than last, perhaps because more of the older girls were enthusiastic and willing to put new ideas into practice. As well as swimming during the day, those who were interested could often go in after evening Prep. At first large crowds turned out, but as spare time dwindled only the enthusiastic few were left to enjoy the pool in the evenings.

This year the keen swimmers were aiming at getting a proud tick on the charts. To do this they had to swim a given number of lengths in a given time. It was not easy, but it was a challenge, and fun! During the Winter Term on days that we did not ski we were coached for the Meet. This took place at the end of the Easter Term. The Meet was an Inter-House competition, in which many eagerly participated. Montcalm was the happy winner with Rideau and Macdonald not far behind in points.

Our thanks go to Miss Braddick for the help and encouragement she gave us and for all her stimulating ideas. We also wish to express our sincere thanks to Miss Keyzer and Miss Oomen who also supervised our swimming. We should like them to know how much we appreciate their interest.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY SKI RACE

In the absence of Matrics. and VI A's on February 23, the VI B's took the opportunity to arrange a cross-country ski race for those remaining at school. With the aid of Miss Oomen and Miss Tudor Jones, and of our Sports Captains, Brenda Peck and Gretchen Gurney, we planned the event.

At two o'clock, those taking part met on the new soccer field. Miss Tudor Jones, Libby Paterson, and Kathy Mackay started each girl off at fifteen-second intervals.

The course led us across the new soccer field, behind the skating rink, around the tennis courts, down the old soccer field, and over to the bottom of the farm hill, where Jane Massey and Elizabeth Nickson recorded our finishing times.

After a great deal of mathematical calculation by our timekeepers, prizes of chocolate bars were awarded to the grand winners, Chris Iversen, Dale Ellson, and Louise Mundy. Liz Jones, our rookie skier, won the booby prize, also a candy bar.

Everyone trudged back to the school tired and hungry. Because everyone had participated with such enthusiasm the day was a success. Many thanks are due to our organizers, who gave up their time for our enjoyment.

GRETCHEN GURNEY, SUSAN FLEMING, VI B.

THE SKI REPORT

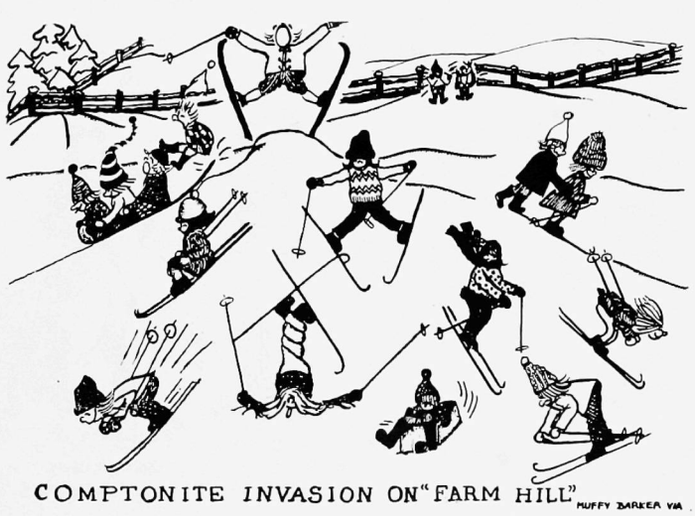
At 3.15 p.m. every week-day except Wednesday, there was a mad dash as girls grabbed their ski equipment and hurried into the bus. A bus-load of girls then sped over to Hillcrest. When we arrived at Hillcrest, we were divided into three classes: beginners, intermediates, and the more advanced skiers. There would then be two hours of zooming (?) down the hills (either in control or out of control!) under the guidance of our instructors. After thanking our instructors, we met in the restaurant at the bottom of the hill, where we enjoyed a hot-dog, and a coke or a hot chocolate, before climbing back into the bus and returning to school. As each Form went to Hillcrest only once a week, every afternoon found plenty of girls skiing on the slopes around the school. On the week-ends, most girls were skiing either on "Windy," "Farm Hill," or the "Far Hill." A few girls even set up a short slalom course on the "Far Hill," and made a small jump on "Farm Hill."

There were two ski-hikes, which provided a great deal of fun — as we skied cross-country, and then cooked our lunch over a fire. There was also a cross-country race held by the VI B's and the V A's.

Although we did not have as much snow as usual this winter, we managed to make the most of what we did have, and practically every day saw some skiing activity on the slopes around the school.

This skiing would have been impossible without the help and supervision of various members of the Staff who accompanied us to Hillcrest. We are especially indebted to Miss Keyzer, Miss Morris, Miss Braddick, and Miss MacDonald, and would like to thank them for all their help.

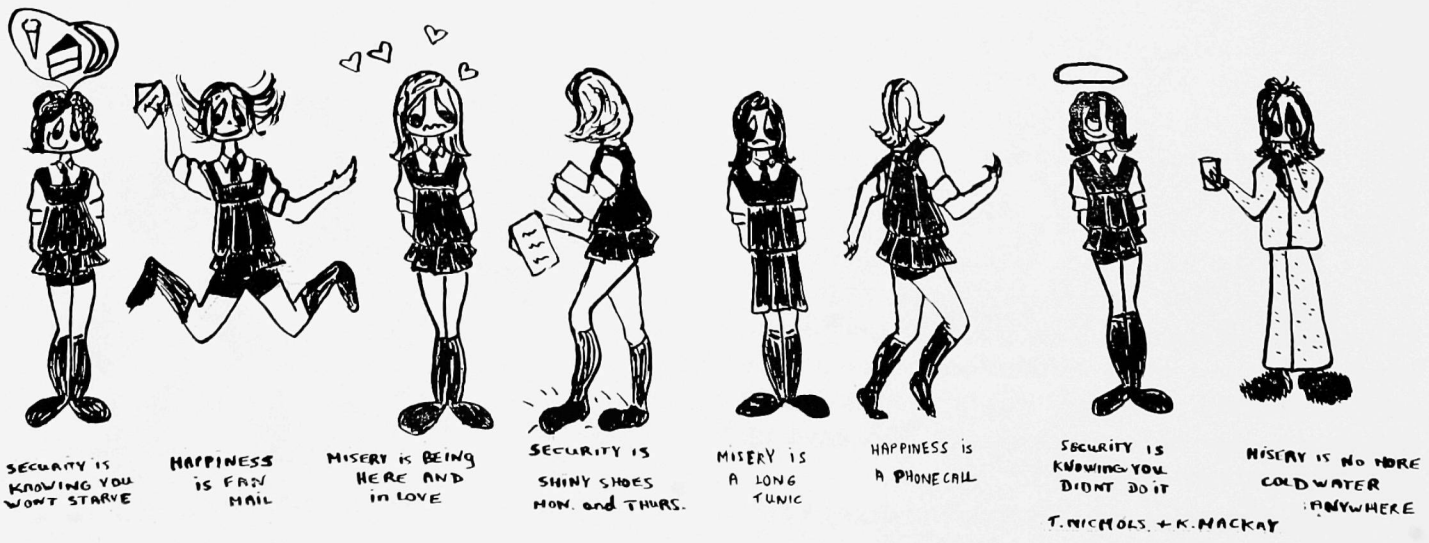
PRISCILLA BARKER, VI A.



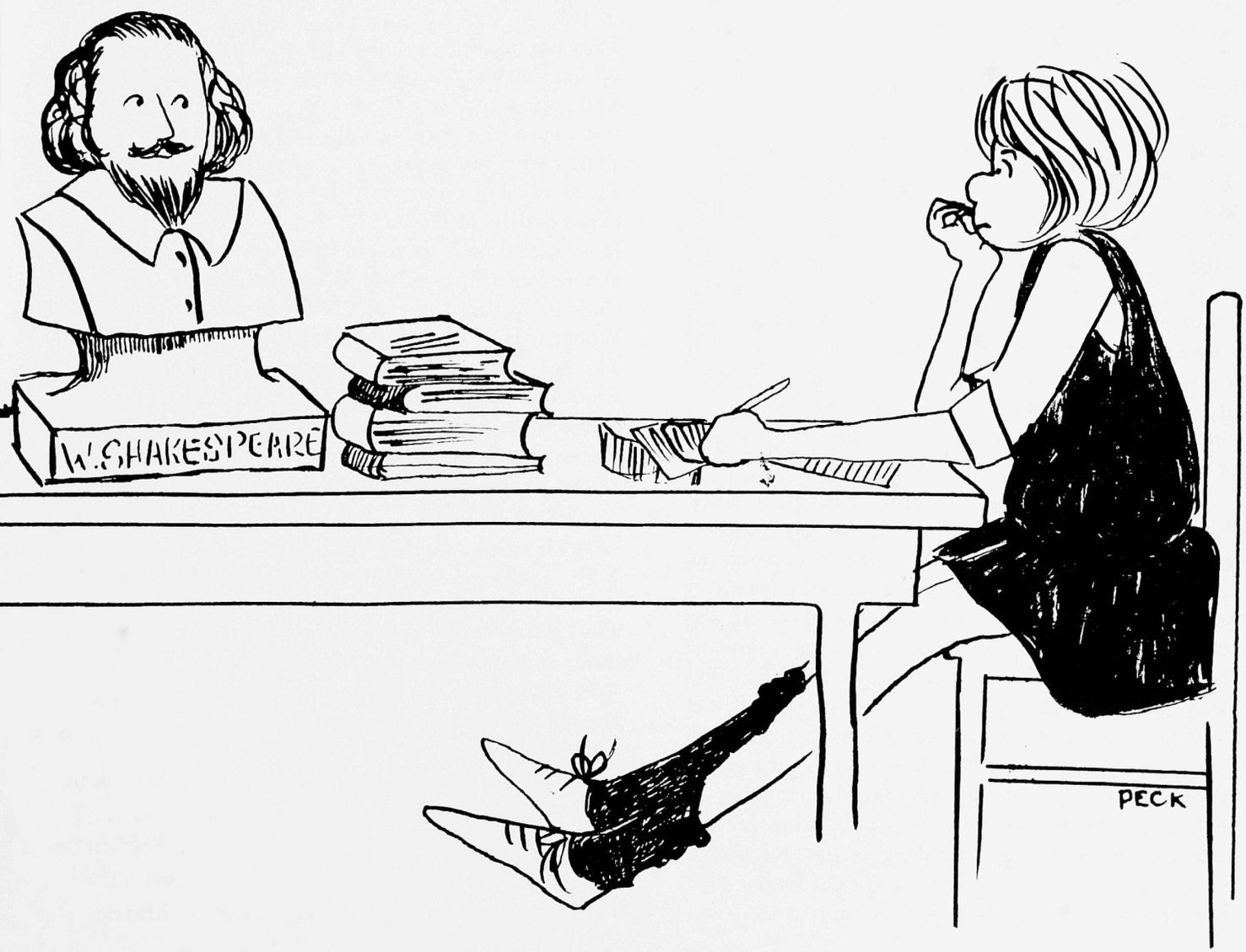
COMPTONITE INVASION ON "FARM HILL" HUFFY BARKER VIA

Exchanges

Blue and White: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.
Bishop Strachan School Magazine: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
Edgehill Review: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
Intra Muros: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
Lampada: Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.
Leeds Girls High School: Leeds, England
Ludemas: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
Postcript: The North Hastings High School, Bancroft, Ont.
Samara: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
St. Andrew's College Review: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.
Technical College Institute: Saskatoon, Sask.
Trafalgar Echoes: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.
The Alibi: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.
The Almaphalian: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
The Ashburian: Ashbury College Schoool, Ottawa, Ont.
The Balmoral Hall Magazine: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
The Beaver Log: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.
The Bishop's College School Magazine: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
The Blue and White: Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.
The Boar: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.
The Branksome Slogan: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
The Chronicle: The Study, Montreal, Que.
The Croftonian: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
The Elevator: Bellville Collegiate Institute, Belleville, Ont.
The Green and White Review: St Patrick High School, Sherbrooke, Que.
The Grove Chronicle: The Grove, Lakefield, Ont.
The Lyre: Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Que.
The Mitre: Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.
The Pibroch: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.
The Record: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
The Tallow Dip: Netherwood School for Girls, Rothesay, N.B.



LITERARY



A DEED OF DARKNESS

A feeling of mystery and suspense was everywhere in the air. Across the sand the man seemed to glide, a figure to be feared on such a night. The moon above was half-formed, sending down only a faint light, but yet extinguishing the stars near to it, so that even they seemed to be hiding in order not to witness the deed. There was a sighing through the trees as the faint breeze blew. The waves beat against the rocks untiringly, sometimes rearing up suddenly so that the white foam flew in the moonlight, but always dropping back to begin once again their steady beat. Far in the distance an owl hooted—a long drawn-out cry for someone about to die.

The man stood still for a moment, massive and black; then the trees closed about him. A ghostly stillness settled suddenly over everything, but was quickly gone when the drums began their beating. Slow and omnious they sounded from the blackness; then louder and louder they grew, pulsating with a savage beat. The coconut trees lining the beach were still, listening, and even the waves seemed to stop their everlasting battle in order to listen as the drummers tried to beat the very life out of their drums.

The spectators sat entranced, watching every movement of the dancers. Each had a bottle of golden-coloured rum which each put to his lips, and every little while drank from deeply. All of them except one, Aton, seemed to be enjoying the scene. He stared fixedly into the darkness at the other side where the obiah man stood, alone and waiting. There was a tension between them, for each knew that one or the other of them would have to die. The spectators felt it too, but the drums and the dancers were having their will and the feelings of all these people were only half-human.

Now the obiah man, this great worker of black magic, stepped forward to battle for his position with Aton. The dancers seemed to fade away as the beat of the drums grew louder, and fear and anticipation filled the night. In the dark of the forest the obiah man seemed even bigger than in the moonlight, and now, naked, his massive oiled body glistened in the dark. Above, a cloud was moving across the sky, a long evil cloud foretelling doom. Suddenly a hush came, and in the dead silence Aton and the obiah man faced each other — each one working his own magic, fighting for his own life, but even more fighting to prove his own faith superior to the other's. They fought with their minds, not their bodies, in a contest that was greater than any physical fight could ever have been. At last the obiah man's will rose above Aton's and brutally crushed it until Aton fell to the ground, dead. The drums beat furiously now, and all the people danced in a frenzy, rejoicing over their victory, until they too, dropped to the ground, not dead, but in utter exhaustion.

The moon went down and the stars slowly died. The sky became grey, then blue, and in the East a glow appeared. Far out to sea a big black man was quietly fishing as the wind whispered through the trees and the sea lapped gently at the shore, hiding forever the dead man that lay on its floor.

BETTY-JANE PUNNETT, Matric.

LINES UPON THAT ELUSIVE OBJECT WITHOUT A NAME

The cold dark shadows close around;
And soft,
The creeping of the amber-coloured shade
Comes even now, with evil, hate, and thoughts
Of It,
That horrid, scaly, slinky, slimy thing
Which scathes the blood of this, my earthly self,
And sees —
With eyes like glowing balls of glittering ice
That pierce my heart, and strangle from my soul
Those cries of misery which now spill forth
From depths of gloom.
It sees, and calls us to that place.
Where evil things of life are prevalent;
Calls us to join the ranks of fallen souls
Where this — that nameless thing — is in itself
The only object of their clutching love and hate—
Emotions of the mind which cleave in two
Those fallen souls, unreachable by love.
Those mystic depths!
Those other , eerie canverns where the souls of living men
Cry woe, and yet again to its own
Says "Nay — I could, shall not, shall not, won't
Succumb to this — this hatred, envy, jealousy
That grows in life."
So if, as now, those shadows pluck at us,
And urge us on to misery and dread—
Beg us to come and join the fallen souls,
The former objects of its evil call—
Then when shall we, with strength of love and warmth,
Wreak havoc on the mist, that barrier of hate
That shuts us in.

ANDREA JELLICOE, Matric.

THE DARE-DEVIL

The moon was a bright jewel in the blackness of night, and it frightened her a little as it loomed, gleaming, in her window. She jumped back a bit, but then chuckled to herself. Nothing could really frighten Jessica.

Ever since she had been old enough to walk she had been bold, boyish, and — yes, foolish. Much to her mother's dismay Jessica had scorned dolls and dresses; she had refused to wear anything but blue-jeans when her friends were beginning to teeter along on their first high heels. Her love of daringly high places had won her the title of "Miss Flagpole Sitter, 1958." That was in her high-school days at home, but now she was far from home.

Again she was looking out her window into the velvety black where stars twinkled and flashed like diamonds in a jewel case.

"They are all for me," she said with a giggle of delight. "Mine! Mine! The stars belong to me!"

Twisting herself around in her chair, Jessica pressed her face against the window pane and looked along the outside wall to the corner. From here on there was nothingness, but through the empty space she saw it. Earth! Whirling blue and green in the darkness was the earth.

The rocket sped on through the heavens. Destination—Moon.

Sara Peck, VI A.

LOVE

Love is eternal, it never dies,
A treasure-house comes from a mother's eyes;
A gentle caress, an inquiring kiss,
Love shows itself in ways like this.

The clasp of a hand, an understanding smile,
A heart that's faithful all the while.
A moment that's shared by two people who know
The longer love lasts, the stronger it grows.

Giving a little here and there,
Sharing with others your loving care,
Showing your love comes not only in part
But wholly and willingly, straight from the heart.

Yet the best of all love is not mentioned here,
That which we should cherish and hold most dear;
The best love is that which comes from above,
Holy, heavenly, fatherly love.

Sheila Reid, VI B.

PENSÉES

I

The woods are still;
No sound is heard
But the soft, petal-like
Fall of the snow.

II

Only Death remains;
The guns have ceased,
The allies retreated.
Death remains, swollen and stiff.

III

I wonder what Heaven is really like?
I wonder if angels are ivory white?
I wonder if clouds are as light as angels?
I wonder.

Sheila McIver, V A.

A LONELY PLACE

A lonely place can be a spot on a hill, a glade in a forest, or by a sparkling stream. It can be in a gloomy cave or even in a vast field of grass. A lonely place is like an empty spot in your life. If you are alone, without happiness, joy, and a meaning for life, you are like a fish without water or a bird without wings.

A lonely place can be a spot in your heart that seems to be missing. It doesn't really have to be a piece of land. Land without an owner is grim and desolate. There is no one who cares for it and no one who works it. The same applies to a person. A person who does not have anyone feels that same way inside. People who are lonely do not see any meaning in life and do not have as much desire to work at their careers.

No matter if it is on a lonely hill or in a lonely heart, there is always a definite feeling of some thing or some one person. Do you really know what it is? Yes, that is right, it is a spirit; it is God. He is a light that will never go out, even if you do not believe in Him. He is always there.

Your life is what you make it. You need never be lonely, for God is with you always. Try to make something of your career. If you can't get rid of this dreadful feeling, think of happier things and happier days to come. Always remember this, God's gift to you is your life; what you do with your life is your gift to God.

Deborah Thompson, V A.

THE STORM

The sun was partly covered with clouds and the air was crisp. The only definite landmark for miles around in this wild secluded part of the Canadian Rockies was a curl of smoke rising from a log cabin surrounded by trees. Soon after sunrise, Bob and John Sterling, aged seventeen, left this secluded home as they had done every morning during the past week, to go trapping.

By noon a storm was brewing on the east side of the mountain. Still swishing the snow with his feet, and without turning his head, John mumbled through his scarf, "Look's as if there's going to be a bad storm, eh, Bob?"

Bob replied with a grunt, settling farther down into his parka to escape the cold wind. As the twins walked along, they hummed a familiar song. Then suddenly the wind rose and the storm passed west. At the same time the boys started to run through the deep snow which had been swept from the woods surrounding the glacier they were now crossing. John, loaded down with the heavy traps, fell behind his twin, who in turn slowed down his own pace.

"Go on ahead, I'll be fine; I'll meet you at the lean-to in the woods," Bob yelled above the roar of the furious wind.

"No, I'm staying with you! Leave those stupid traps and hurry!" Bob cried back.

Again John shouted the order to go ahead, but again Bob refused. Then John, losing his footing under the heavy load, tumbled down the side of the glacier. Bob had not seen John fall, because of the snow flurries, and thinking that his brother was following he went ahead to the lean-to to wait for his twin.

Hours passed, the storm abated, and Bob was still waiting for John at the lean-to. Finally he returned to the lodge, driven by hunger, cold, fatigue, and panic. Meanwhile John was wandering farther away from the cabin. He was now snow-blinded from the storm and confused in his mind from the shock of his fall. After walking for many miles he fell into a snow-bank, exhausted. There some Indians found him the following night and took him to their reservation.

During the next day Bob searched for his twin, but to no avail. A search-party was then organized, but by the end of the week all were certain that John had died, either from suffocation or cold.

Bob, however, refused to accept the fact that his brother had died.

"I can't believe it," he cried. "Why John? Why, oh why, did it have to be John? He was the one who deserved to live, not I. Why didn't I wait for him, or go back for him? Why didn't I carry the traps? Oh, I can't believe it!" And so Bob would blame himself for his twin's horrible death.

During all this time John was living with the Indians who had rescued him. They had cared for him to the best of their ability, and he had regained his sight, but not his memory. Totally forgetting the past, he began his vagrant and happy life with these people, learning their language and their ways, travelling from reservation to reservation without a care in the world.

Thus fifteen years passed. Bob was still haunted by the death of his brother. His body ached and he felt as if his heart had been ripped out, that half of him were missing. He kept asking himself why he had not been the one who had died. Bob would dream of the lodge, of the wonderful times the two had spent together, of the awful storm, and of his twin lying in some distant gully calling for help. At times he was unable to sleep at night and would run out into the dark as if something were chasing him, and then he would lose himself in a sidewalk bar. Consequently Bob could not keep a steady job. Too often he came into the office in the morning late, and drunk. This is how Bob spent these fifteen years, wandering from the "Wanted" ads. to the employment agencies, being driven out night after night into the dark with some horrible picture in his mind of John, dying.

Then one night, at his wits' end, Bob packed his bags, borrowed a car, and drove out of town. All he wanted to do was to escape this horrible thing. He found himself driving north to the mountains, up the same steep snowy hill to the lodge where he and John had spent their last, tragic holiday together. He jumped out of his car and ran into the dark. A storm, similar to the one of fifteen years before, was blowing furiously, but Bob kept running. He retraced the trail that had separated him from his twin, but he now walked in a daze. Suddenly he stopped. A cry pierced the air, and he began to run across the glacier and into the woods until he

was halted with a jerk. Snap! Bob was caught in a trap! He wrestled with it for a few minutes and then lay back to rest.

Suddenly through the woods he noticed a stealthy figure coming towards him. At first it was indistinguishable, but then he saw it clearly. The man came straight up to Bob, carefully unlatched the trap from his foot, and without a word picked him up and stole quietly into the woods with him.

It was at this point that Bob Sterling, a man of thirty-five, began to cry. The awful ache left his body and his heart was restored.

Ann Stikeman, Matric.

IN RETROSPECT

The spring was warm that year of 1961; the parks and sidewalks had been bustling with people eager to enjoy the long-awaited sun. It was now far past noon and the streets of downtown Washington, which had so recently been crowded and teeming, seemed devoid of any action. As I ambled slowly down the street past the parks and the looming grey office buildings, I noticed a crowd beginning to gather at the end of the block. Following my curiosity I joined the increasing throng. It seemed very odd standing there not knowing what to expect or whom I was to see. After much straining and peering I managed somehow to detect a group of figures approaching the doorway, preceded by flocks of anxious newsmen and photographers who were somehow trying to walk backwards out of the door and take pictures at the same time. Much pushing and confusion followed as people reached out their hands in anxious hope. I too could not resist. For one fleeting moment the whole chaotic scene vanished, because someone was shaking my hand. There was a firm but friendly grasp — a face with its warm grin — a flashing sparkle! An uncontrollable excitement surged through me again and again, and I could not help grinning back.

This, to some, may not seem very thrilling, for I had not accomplished any great feat — I had not climbed the highest mountain or swum the deepest depths. I had merely shaken a hand, but a hand I know I can never shake again.

Cathlyn Cook, VI B.

THE DECISION

The name of the port was Norfolk, the year was 1774. The British warship "Protector" stood guard over the entrance to the harbour, and she was needed too, for there was much unrest in the country. Clippers sailed in from many far-away lands, the West Indies, Africa and the motherland, England, bringing cargoes of bananas, indigo, bales of material and, perhaps, even some mail. The boats were being unloaded and the Darkies bent low under the weight of the heavy crates; sweat dripped from their bodies, as they sang one of their mysterious spirituals. Sunlight poured down from the skies, and was reflected off the water, making it glisten and sparkle. This was the sight that hypnotized Tommy Jacobs.

Tommy was an eleven-year-old boy, who had sandy-coloured hair and freckles. His outfit consisted of patched overalls, a faded blue shirt and a beaten-up straw hat perched on his head. Tommy loved the sea and everything to do with it. He spent every day he could down at the docks, getting to know most of the men there. Why, he knew the name of practically every captain of the cargo clippers, and the commander of the "Protector" was his confidant! How Tommy wished he could run away to sea. This was one dream which obsessed him. One of the crew on board the "Calypso," a West Indian cargo ship, had even said that he would find a place for Tommy with them, if he could ever escape from his Aunt Elvira. The "Calypso" was tied up at one of the docks, just waiting for him, Tommy thought.

Then a shrill cry came to his ears, "Tommy, Tommy Jacobs! Come here this instant, Tommy! Do you hear?"

He heard all right, but wished he hadn't. It was crotchety old Aunt Elvira and he didn't want to go back with her to be scolded all day long. He could just see her, picking her way through the collection of boxes and crates. He didn't want to be with her and her fussy ways; he wanted to be on the sea. He thought hard for a moment; he had no reason to stay on land; his parents were dead; his aunt always picked on him; he felt trapped. On the ocean he would be happy and free. He gave one final look behind him, and then ran as fast as his legs would carry him, down to the dock and breathlessly up the gangplank of the "Calypso" with "Tommee, Tommy Jacobs!" still ringing in his ears.

At last he was safe. Aunt Elvira would never find him here. He was free, out of her grasp at last, and he was wildly and gloriously happy.

Sheila Reid, VI B.

Speeches at K. H. C. Finals

ON HAPPINESS

"The World is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

What familiar lines! But how many of us fully realize and understand the meaning of happiness. What is happiness? Such a simple word, but with so deep a meaning. Happiness seems to be that tingling glow inside you that lights up the whole world like a candle. Happiness is in the small things, always the small things which everyone takes so much for granted.

Do you remember the thrill of having your first tooth fall out? Or even more, of the dime you might get for it? Did you ever feel that wonderful wave of happiness sweep over you as you gazed up at the shining star on the top of the Christmas tree? Happiness just seems to carry you away!

Not everyone, naturally, is affected by the same things, but there is a type of happiness for every kind of person. People appreciate only what concerns them most. We could never, perhaps, experience the joy of a farmer who looks out across his fields as they roll out before him, rich and yielding. Nor could we ever feel the comfort a pilot gets from the solitude of his plane. But what we do understand are the things that make us, as individuals, the happiest.

But there are certain forms of happiness which I feel must apply to everyone, and these are its roots. Can we ever be truly happy without loving, being loved, and having the feeling that we are wanted? Another basic root of happiness is the feeling of being useful and an asset to the world.

Many people say they would be happiest with a great deal of money, but if you really think about it, it's not the money that makes them happy, but its security, and the satisfaction of having earned it. The more you work for something you want, the happier you will be when you get it; the greater the sacrifice, the greater the satisfaction.

Happiness is all around us, surely we could not fail to notice it? But we do. Happiness is not always abstract; you can see it and feel it — it is in the air, in the sky. Look, and you can see it reflected in the face of a Korean boy gazing down admiringly at his first pair of real shoes. Listen, and you can hear it in the chuckle of Granny, thinking back on the old days. Wait, and you can feel it in the tenderness of a mother's kiss. Have you ever noticed the long contented sigh of an old dog stretched out before the fire, or the laughter of the birds and the squirrels outside? All this is true happiness.

From what I have just said, you might infer that I think that happiness is just waiting for us to take, but this is not the case at all. Happiness is not given; it is sought out and found.

"Seek and ye shall find." I think that this saying proves that happiness can be squeezed out of ever so many things in life. I feel very strongly that we get out of life only what we put into it, and in the same way, the more you give to others, the happier you will be for doing so.

But I do not think, on considering happiness, that we can ever deny that genuine sorrow exists. Everyone must realize that no matter what, some day the flame on his candle of happiness must flicker and then die out. Death, perhaps one of the greatest sorrows to bear, reaches out unexpectedly, as we have recently seen in the case of the late President Kennedy. It snuffs that flame, covering our life with a deep shadow and blotting out all the past happinesses. People must learn to come out of this valley of the shadow of death, to overcome their grief, to live again, and eventually to relight the flame on their candle of happiness.

I think that perhaps my greatest happiness will be old age, looking back at the past years. No matter what kind of life it has been it will always hold some happiness, the gleams of sunshine made brighter through the tears of rain and shadow that every life must hold. These, out of all the experiences of a lifetime, are what we truly remember best.

JOAN EAKIN, VI A.

THE SEA

I wonder if Neptune ever thought of what a wonderful possession he had, ruling the sea? There is a fascination one can get from the sea almost impossible to put into words, though many have tried. The love for the sea is born in people, and needs only slight encouragement to be awoken and set alive. How can anyone explain the thrill of walking by the sea, just watching and hearing the life of the unconquerable ocean rolling by? The sounds of the sea also create feeling — have their own character, which can be so easily missed. The seagulls' incessant cry, the wind — sometimes so wild and strong — howling through the rocks, and the waves upon the shore are sounds so common, yet so intriguing!

When you sit watching ships go to and fro across a bay or from a port there is a curiosity in you that is forever wondering where the ship is going, where

it has come from, or what it is carrying. In your imagination you can see ships sailing into China, or through the Great Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay, or along the mysterious Straits of Madagascar. Of course these things do not interest everyone, but after a trip on the sea people may get the spark lit to their enthusiasm, and get, as the expression goes, "itchy feet." Then, as Masefield expresses it so well, they discover that.

". the call of the running tide."

"Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied." But this call is something that must be heard oneself, and even then, who can explain it?

This fascination and longing for the sea is, of course, not the only gift we get from it. Think of all the pleasures and sports we have from the ocean! It is so wonderfully relaxing to go on a long boat cruise, perhaps in the Mediterranean or the South Seas! You can get away from the noisy world and let the sea air blow away all your troubles, while there are new things to see and experience. You never know what may appear out at sea! While you are on the cruise, think of the perople you left behind — probably swimming, sailing, and water-skiing much of the day. They too are getting enjoyment from the sea. What would summer be like without the sports that are done on the sea? Many big sailing races are held on the sea, such as the Bermuda - Nova Scotia races, and the Twelve Metre Races held in Rhode Island every few years. In these different countries compete for a famous cup, each showing its skill on the sea. Commerce also profits from the sea, and many people depend completely on it for a living. Some occupations — especially fishing — can be both profitable business and great sport.

There is a great mystery attached to the sea, it is so subtle and unpredictable. Lands are fought over and battered by bombs and built on, but no one rules the sea; it is free and wild. It has force, and only its tides are controlled by the moon, which man has not yet conquered. The sea is moody and stubborn and can change slyly. Some days the ocean will spread out blue and sparkling, just rippled by the wind, meekly minding its own business; other days, under an ominous sky, it will roll and churn, covering its turbulent waters with foam, mercilessly beating against the shore. Man cannot stop it. It sadistically overturns boats, taking hundreds of lives through the years; yet it is sometimes so innocent! In winter the sea is cold and forbidding, not necessarily destructive, but ironic and stern. The sea is patient, and takes hundreds of years to carve away cliffs, for it is in no hurry; it rolls on day after day, yet never gets anywhere.

Many people have been deeply interested in the sea and have put their feelings and observations of it into poetry and music. Some musicians have composed music portraying the different moods of the sea, like Vaugh Williams in "The Sea Symphony," and have accomplished more than anyone could write or paint. Artists have succeeded in painting beautiful pictures of the sea, but being as it is, it is one of the hardest things to copy. Abstract artists have tried to put their feeling for the sea onto canvas; this requires very good imagination. After all, what colour would you paint the sound of waves breaking on the sea coast? Poets have often written of the sea and described many aspects of it. John Masefield's "Sea Fever" and Byron's "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll", are just two of the well-loved sea poems. Again, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Coleridge is in a completely different, but captivating mood. The sea is a favourite theme of old ballads, and it was a very dramatic end for some hero or heroine to be swallowed up by the sea.

Old fishermen have a tendency to sit in little groups after a long day on the sea and tell sea legends known to all fisher-folk. They also have ancient sea chanties to sing while at work. The tale of "The Flying Dutchman" haunts sailors even now. It is still thought that the phantom ship sails around Madagascar in the wild typhoons. The story of Scylla and Charibdis between Italy and Sicily is of a very ancient superstition. On each side of the narrow channel the ancient Greeks believed that a monster or a whirlpool was waiting to trap sailors, so everyone was very careful sailing by. Not all the legends belong to the ancient world, however. One very amazing modern story is of the ship "Mary Celeste." Almost a hundred years ago it set sail from Nova Scotia. Several months later it was found with sails set, its fires warm, and in perfect condition, having all the appearance of a well-lived-in ship; yet not a soul was on board. This still remains a mystery; no one knows how or why the men left the ship, as only a small lifeboat was missing and the men were never heard from again. Newfoundland and Nova Scotia have many old songs of the sea, also, showing how much the early inhabitants depended on the sea. These are just a few stories and legends of the sea, but fishing villages are forever buzzing with mysteries, tales and songs.

We can easily realize that the seas and oceans are not just masses of water covering parts of the

earth, but that they have real character and story to them — something for everyone to find interest in and enjoy. Masefield has expressed the feeling of so many of us about the sea that I shall conclude with his words:

"I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely
sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship, and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick, and the wind's song, and the
white sails' shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn
breaking."

JOY BALLOCH, VI A.

NAMES

(Speech made in the semi-final of the King's Hall Public Speaking Competition)

Names are so important. How could we possibly do without them? They are very necessary as a means of identification when written on things that logically require them — clothing, mailboxes, books, and other articles which might be mistaken for someone else's. But can you justify the jumbled assortment of signatures which is sure to be found on desk tops, walls, and dusty cars? In any public place you are bound to find that people have written their names.

"Fools' names and fools' faces
Are often found in public places."

Very often in fact the fool is so foolish that he signs other people's names as well as his own.

Are the people who write their names in public places all half-wits? Many simply lack a sense of values; others are monkeys; they do as they see done. In some, however, the subconscious command "There's a space, write your name" may spring from an instinct of Stone Age times when it was the caveman's habit to draw on the bare walls of his cave.

Often you will see a signature of an entirely false or fictitious nature; for example, "Columbus was here" or "Elvis!" The Columbus enthusiast was someone definitely young at heart; the admirer of Elvis was a victim of infatuation. Infatuation strikes other groups of people also. You have, perhaps, seen two names inscribed on a tree or park bench in such a way as to suggest a connection between them. Now what was the reason for such a publication? It was probably the work of a "wishful-thinker."

Why does the sailor have his true love's name spelled in brazen letters across his chest? Surely this is an impractical arrangement, for he himself can't read it properly without the use of a mirror and even then it's back-to-front and I'm sure a sailor never lived who had her name tattooed upside-down for his special benefit.

You may chuckle to yourself and think that it is only the young who sign their names at random, but indeed it is not. Think of those people whose fancy is taken by initialled jewellery. Do they think that their mere initials will announce to the world who they are, or identify them in an emergency? Do those who flaunt about with monogrammed shirts and handkerchiefs think that the laundry will know whom to return them to, or that strangers on seeing the embroidered letters will think "Ah-hah, X.Y.!" and be any the wiser? Do men with diamond stick pins and long shiny cars have their initials gilded on their car doors because they are afraid they might mislay their cars? Is it because these people are so egotistical that they have their names on all their possessions, or is it pure family pride?

There is a deeper side to this quirk of name-signing than those we have discussed. Consider the person who signs his name on walls and railings in national parks. What was his motive? Perhaps it was a subconscious feeling of insecurity which inspired him. This habit of name-signing seems to be peculiar to the North American, and why should he not feel insecure? After all, as an ingredient in this vast melting pot of nations, he has no lengthy heritage. It is unlikely that he lives in the house built and defended by his ancestors. By signing his name in a spot of natural beauty he is unconsciously associating himself with the beautiful and enduring things of life. If these small deeds, unrefined as they are, ease the restlessnses of a subconscious mind, who are we to proclaim judgment upon those who sign their names in public places?

MARY STRATFORD, VI A.

MORNING SUN

You paint the hill with golden dawn,
And bless the field with dew,
You gently waken morning doves
And touch the pond with crystal blue.
You wake the flashing silver fish
And the blossoms in the tree,
But happiest of all, dear Sun,
You always waken me.
I wake to find your sunny beams
All dancing on my wall:
I lie there contemplating them
Till out of bed I'll crawl,
And gently you'll still coax me
And I rise reluctantly,
But Sun, you always make it
So much easier for me.

WENDY RANKIN, Matric.

ACROSS THE ICE

A sharp shot pierced the crisp winter air. A group of men in brightly-coloured costumes jumped into their canoes and began pushing through freezing, sub-zero waters. Groups of anxious people, bundled in warm clothing, stood along the water's edge. Jeering and shouts of applause sounded as the tiny craft turned the bend into the St. Lawrence River. Fire-crackers flared up from the terrace above; aeroplanes flew low to record the exciting event. The race had really begun.

For a time the fleet sailed down the river at top speed. The icebreaker "d'Iberville" had evidently cleared a narrow path through the ice-covered waters for the "Big Day," but the tide was soon to turn. Before long, canoes passed the white flag and began the most difficult part of the route — across to Lévis. Each group had to portage its craft across the ice into free channels, if any could be found. After a heavy struggle "les voyageurs" reached Lévis and began the journey home.

Only three canoes seemed to be in the race now. Others had drifted downstream or given up hope. The three remaining canoes paddled through the water as swiftly as possible; nothing could harass such high-spirited men. It was still a great effort for the contestants, but though they were cold and exhausted they pushed on to the very end. A canoe and five fun-loving Frenchmen from Ile aux Coudres (where they had been practising all winter) sprang forth into a sudden spurt of strength and sailed over the finish line. These nimble characters had won the race! The cheers were deafening and every group which had competed received recognition. What a happy ending for the Quebec Carnival!

Susan Johnston, VI B.

STAFF MEETS GIRL IN EMBARRASSMENT

There are far too many places
Where she sees our bright red faces,
Our stammering and shaking;
She knows too well we're faking!

At breakfast Monday morn',
(From the week-end we are worn)
When she tries to say the grace,
We become one big disgrace;
For o'er the floor we spill
Every last vitamin pill.

We have collected through the day
All things that are in our way;
Down our fronts we have them stuffed
Until we look quite puffed.
An enemy who's feeling rash,
With wicked fingers pulls the sash!
All our junk and letters fly
And at her feet abjectly lie.

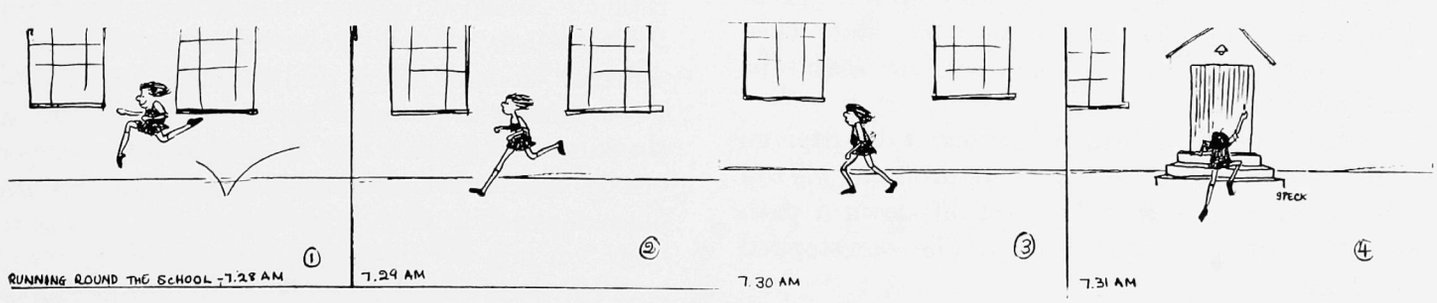
At lunch we're in a fix;
Conversation will not mix.
Not a word is ever said;
This time it is the Staff who's red!
We pour the water, miss her glass
And drown her with her drink, alas!

In class she asks a question,
When she knows from our expression
That no attention has been paid
And instead a note we've made!

When at night we want some fun
To our neighbours we will run;
But as we open up the door,
Out stomps the Staff; for she's aware!
With sheepish eye we look at her and stare!

Oh! are there any consolations
For these school-girl tribulations?

Sarah Collin, VI A.



BROTHERHOOD

It was a cool, crisp autumn day — and what's more, it was a Saturday! As the red sun came up from behind the hills, a lone boy was seen ambling down a brown dirt road which led far away from civilization. This was Cully Brown, the son of a poor farm labourer. He lived with his parents and three sisters near the small town of Skinnerton, Alabama.

Saturday! To Cully this meant a day of freedom to come and go as he pleased, with no school work or chores to be done until late in the afternoon. All week long when Cully had been sitting in the one-roomed schoolhouse, supposedly learning poetry or the history of the United States, he had been staring out the large window, dreaming of swimming and fishing down at the pond near the old flour mill.

"It's here!" thought Cully. "Getting up before dawn wasn't half as bad as I had expected. Looks like a great day for fishing, too!"

With this in mind he skipped down the road that led out of Skinnerton. The pond itself was only a mile from town, but to get to it Cully had to pass the large Brockner estate, owned by the richest white family in the neighbourhood.

"If that Peter Brockner is around, I'll die," thought Cully. "I hate him because he's always laughing at me and getting me embarrassed. But anyway, I shouldn't worry; he won't be up as early as this."

Peter, the only child of the Brockners, knew his own importance and always acted as if he were superior to the coloured boys around him. For this reason he had acquired the name of being the biggest bully in Skinnertown. If Peter knew this he did not show it, for he continued to be just as pushy and bossy as ever — and besides — who were they — these poor people who had nothing, while he had been over to Europe twice, had four horses, and a television set? To Peter it had seemed for a long time as if nothing else mattered.

It was on this Saturday we are speaking of that Cully really got to know Peter, and to learn that all his bossiness was just a covering up for a great loneliness. Cully was hurrying past the estate when he stopped, straining to pick up the sound he had just heard.

"That's weird! Somebody crying! I'd better go and find out if he needs help;" so, dropping his rod and his pail of worms, he sped off down a path which led into the woods. However, he soon stopped short again.

Peter Brockner! He was the person Cully had heard crying.

"He doesn't need any help; he never does," thought Cully, and he was going to leave, but his curiosity about why Peter was crying got the better of him, and he kept going until he was only a few yards away from Peter.

Peter was propped up against a tree, with his face in his hands and his horse standing nearby.

"What's the matter, Peter? asked Cully hesitantly, for he rather doubted whether he would get an answer.

Without looking up Peter retorted, "I'm sick and tired of everything. 'Do this; do that' is all I ever hear. Why do I always have to be so neat? Why am I not allowed to play with the other boys around, or go fishing? Why do I always have to be on time for meals and have a servant wait on me hand and foot? **Why, why** am I so different from everybody else? I just hate my life."

As the list of complaints grew, Peter's voice rose steadily until, when he looked up to face the person he was addressing, he was shouting. The look on his face when he saw Cully was a mixture of surprise and embarrassment. Cully didn't know what to say. He just stood there stupified, trying to grasp the full meaning of what Peter had said.

"He doesn't like all his wealth and power? He doesn't like having all he has? Oh!" thought Cully, "if I could only ride a horse or swim in a swimming pool! But Peter doesn't like all this! It's unbelievable!"

Peter just sat on the ground motionless, trying to remember exactly what he had said and what he would say next. As it turned out, Cully was the first to speak.

"I'm going down to the old mill pond. Do you want to come along? We can both use my rod and worms, and if it gets too hot we can go for a swim".

Peter thought to himself, "I'd love to, but — Well, what's the difference anyway; no one will know about it." With an enthusiastic "O.K., let's go!" he climbed up on his horse, pulling a rather shy excited Cully up behind him.

It was this way that Cully and Peter were seen riding to the pond many times afterwards. From this meeting Cully and Peter began to learn about different kinds of people and their attitude to life. Even though they would travel different paths in the future both knew that their lives had changed on the first day that they went together to the old mill pond.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, Matric.

AT LAST

The sun had shone down brightly upon the little resort town for two weeks now, the penetrating rays turning the once green fields to a golden brown. The air was humid; there was only a slight breeze now and then. Little children frolicked in the nearby lake, trying to keep cool during the long hot July days, but now not even the water retained that cold refreshing tingle. The beaches were seldom crowded, for most people preferred sitting at home lazily, drinking iced tea or lemonade. During the night it was so difficult to sleep that many just lay on their porches or lawns, hoping that a gentle wind might cool them.

Then one morning the town awoke to find the leaves of the trees stirring and dark grey clouds in the distance. The lake, which had been like a mirror yesterday, now had gentle waves rippling across its surface. Could it be that we were going to have a rain storm? — ? The air was still, but during the course of the afternoon the wind grew stronger and the sky became dark with nimbostratus clouds that looked almost purple. The trees began to sway rhythmically and people scurried to and fro, putting away lawn chairs and sun umbrellas. By late afternoon a rumbling of thunder could be heard and soon a violent crash sounded and a spear of lightning shot through the sky. Large round drops fell rapidly. Within a few seconds, those looking out of their windows at the welcome sight could see only a blur. Children were so happy that they ran out into the rain in their bathing suits to let the comforting wet drops beat on their perspiring little bodies. Each person seemed to begin breathing once again after two weeks, as the storm was such a relief from the unpleasant "stickiness" of those July days. At last the hot spell was over!

CAROL FINLAYSON, VI B.

THE LITTLE MAN

As I walked into the old general store I saw a little man bent almost double on a small stool. The store was cramped and the smell of tobacco was in the air. I imagine it came from his long wooden pipe, which was held in the crooked fingers of his right hand. In his left hand he held a walking-stick, which was steadying his body. His clothes were worn and tattered, and he had a moth-eaten shawl around his shoulders to try to keep out the damp cold of winter. His face was brown, wrinkled, and unshaven. His bright blue eyes were sunk in his head. When he smiled his toothless grin my heart smiled with him. CHARLOTTE STINSON, VI A.

THE WOODLAND—MY HOME

Once in the wood, as I walked for the day,
I came to a place where I knew I should stay.
The trees were aglow in the evening's sun,
The deer were safe from the hunter's gun.

I laid myself down to rest 'neath a tree;
The sky was, through needles, lovely to see.
The red changed to purple, and then on to grey;
The heavens were tempting and seeming to say,
"Stay here forever, among the pine and the birch,
Stay here forever, in God's handsome church."

The woods are my home; the creatures—my friends.
I love the dear forest, the beauty God sends;
The lakes and the woodland, the river at dusk;
The world, oh, so peaceful — not hurried or rushed.

The hoot of the tawny owl, the lap of the waves,
The never-ending peacefulness — for days and days.
I long to return there, to the trees and the lakes,
Back to the quietness, where noise God forsakes.

KATHERINE SOLANDT, V A.

HERE BY THE WAYSIDE

Here by the wayside as I stand and watch
The odd passer-by, so tall and staunch,
I seem so at ease compared to the rest,
Who dash in an effort to do their best.

Why can't we stop? Why can't we rest?
Only onward we go, upward we press.

The scenery is beautiful—the trees and the streams.
But these views are useless, save only in dreams.
I long to stop running, and look at the world,
To take a long look at beauty unfurled.

KATHERINE SOLANDT, V A.



FIRST DAY AT K.H.C.

I was resting peacefully in a cozy corner of the soccer-ball box. I was a newcomer to the group, for I had arrived from the factory late the previous afternoon, when all the other soccer balls were asleep. Suddenly I felt a slight nudge; I rolled around and faced the soccer ball next to me.

He cheerfully whispered, "Good morning! I hope I didn't wake you. Please forgive me if I did, for I was getting sharp pains from one of the bruises I got yesterday."

I replied, "Oh no; I was just lying there thinking."

He then introduced himself as Oswald, and began to compliment me on my looks. I blushed a very dark brown, feeling extremely proud of my shiny countenance. I then noticed how old and battered Oswald seemed. I was just about to ask him why he was so weary and out of shape when I heard a door open.

A bright light beamed upon my comfy spot and a voice bellowed, "There it is, Mary; see, I told you we got a new one."

A grimy hand reached out and yanked me from my snug corner. After that everything seemed to happen so quickly! I found myself hurled onto a vast field, and suddenly saw a huge shape charging towards me! Wham! Off I sailed into the air, going higher and higher! An awful feeling struck me. Alas! High altitudes make me sick! I thought I would split my seams. Fortunately I began to come down, while below, shapes began to run towards me.

I thought, "Oh goody! They are going to catch me!"

Alas! That hope vanished quickly as I hit the ground with a thud, and bounced off in another direction. A pain began to throb in my side as I was kicked from all directions.

"Come on! Kick it! Kick it!" I heard a person shout.

In vain I tried to protest, but my cries of woe were lost amidst the turmoil. There was a shriek. Everything went black.

"Are you all right?" a worried voice enquired.

"Oh," I thought, "at last this torture will end."

Then I realized that I was squashed beneath a heavy body.

"Don't move her," a voice shouted.

"Thanks," I thought. "I'm suffocating down here and they say, 'Don't move her'!"

After what seemed like hours they moved her and carried her off the field. As I was trying to regain my round shape someone whacked me again. I was kicked back and forth incessantly and then I went flying into the air and just missed colliding with a metal post. There were shouts of joy!

I thought, "Oh, goody! It's over"

It wasn't. Back to the centre of the field! I was given a huge wallop in my stomach and I sailed into the air again.

"This is too much," I thought miserably. "How I wish there was a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soccer Balls, so that I could report this treatment to them."

Then I noticed that I was heading right for that metal post again!

I thought to myself, "I wish someone would kick me away from these posts! I think they are trying to kill me!"

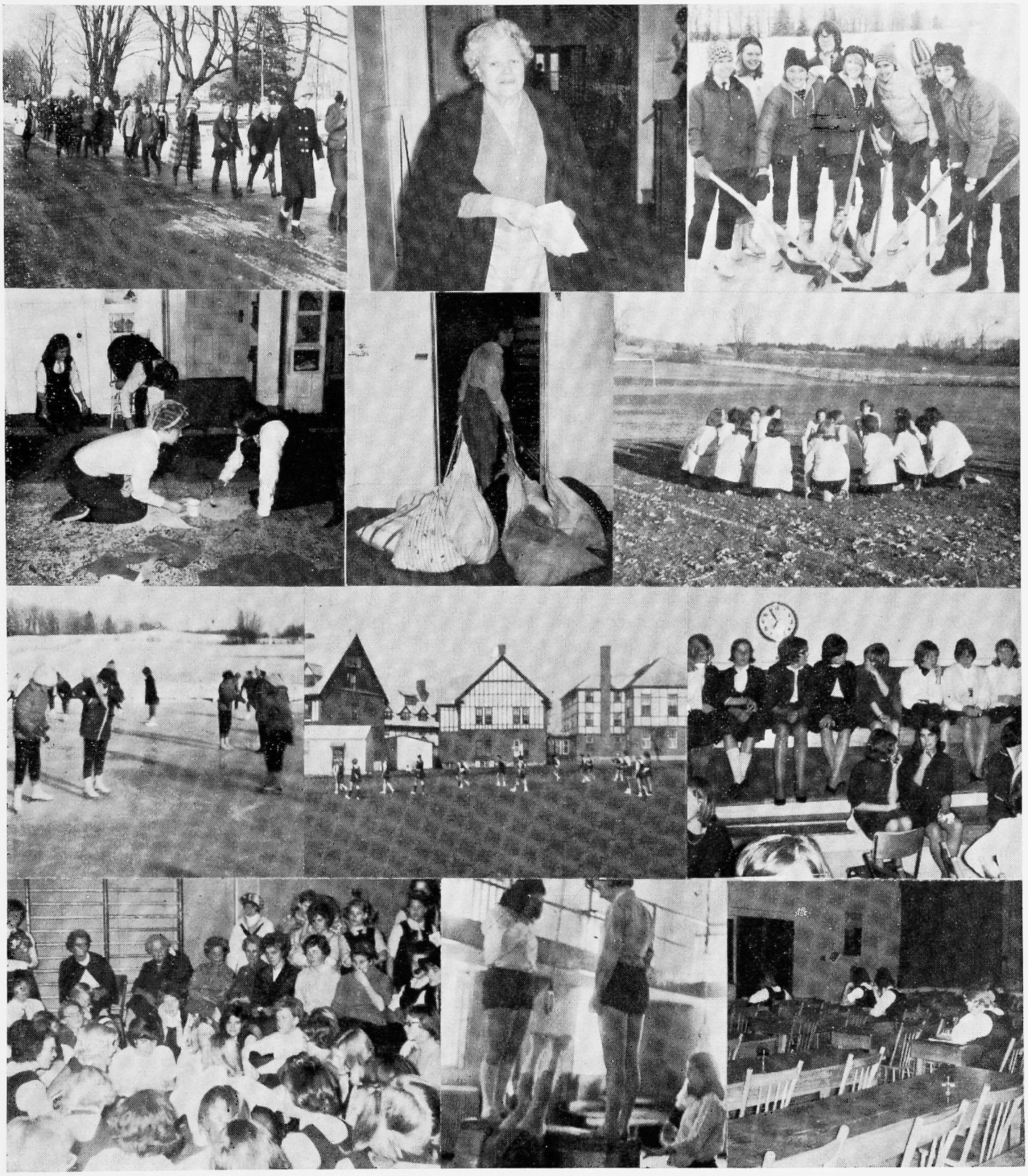
I winced, and just missed it. I heard shrieks of joy again and people yelling, "We've got another goal!"

The whistle blew, and much to my amazement I was not sent back to the centre; instead someone grabbed me, raced off the field, and into the building. I was tossed back into the soccer-ball box. I lay there, gasping for breath, dented and bruised. I ached all over, and my shiny coat was now covered with dirt. It was then that I realized why Oswald was so old and dented. This was only my first day at King's Hall. How could I ever face another day of such torture?

PRISCILLA BARKER, VI A.

PICTURE CREDITS

Crock-Walk A. COWANS
Candid Camera A. COWANS
Les Canadiennes J. BALLOCH
Making decorations for the "Formal" A. COWANS
Overloaded A. COWANS
Yea! Compton E. MACNAUGHTON
The Skaters A. COWANS
Soccer E. MACNAUGHTON
Saturday Movie A. COWANS
Hallowe'en E. MACNAUGHTON
In the Gym. D. SHALAM
Some girls do work A. COWANS



SAD DESTINY

"Oh, this is fun! No mistress to tell me what to do, and none of that mushy Puss an' Boots shoved down my throat twice a day, but I do miss my comfy bed downstairs beside the fire. It was so peaceful and luxurious, especially for a cat. Well, enough of that! I'm just feeling sorry for myself. It was my own fault for not going in when I was called that night. I just felt too daring and adventurous, that's all."

It had been two days already since Eight-ball was missing. Eight-ball, as the name suggests, was jet black. He had had one mouse for dinner yesterday, and that had kept him going for a while. Eight-ball was now desperately trying to find his way home again, but unfortunately was not being very successful. These nights were not warm. Winter was coming soon. This would be the fifth winter of Eight-ball's life. He was middle-aged.

"I think I'll just nestle down beside this old tree, close my eyes, and pretend I'm home. Nice thoughts will make me get to sleep sooner. Then maybe in the morning I'll see if I can catch a mouse or two. These woods should have plenty of mice."

Eight-ball unluckily could not find any mice the next morning. It was getting colder and the snow would begin to fall in a day or two. Eight-ball did find some food, though. He caught a partridge. He was merrily bouncing down a deserted old path when out of the clear blue --- I should say the misty grey --- a partridge flew past.

"Ha, ha!" he thought, "my chance for food has come at last."

When the partridge had finally come down to earth Eight-ball snuck warily behind it and attacked. The fight began. Poor Eight-ball had a cut in his forehead that was bleeding badly, and he had to limp because of a hurt paw. At least, he did have his food, which he sorely needed.

"Happiness in the first degree," thought Eight-ball.

For the next three nights when it was time for dreamland he went to bed with a full stomach.

On the fifth day of Eight-ball's wanderings he had quite a fright — a head-on collision with a bear. He remembered that one should sit still and not anger bears, but his terror was too great. His tail shot up; his hair stood on end; his back was hunched. Poor Eight-ball just ran. He did not even take a minute to look back until he was far away from the bear.

Eight-ball was far from home now — too far from home. The cut on his forehead was sore, and he was hungry, scared and miserable. He did not know where he was or where to find food. All of a sudden Eight-ball's troubles seemed to be solved. A lonesome, obviously lost female pussy appeared on the scene.

"Hi! What in Heaven's name are you doing here? What's your name? Where did you come from? Where are you going?" Eight-ball just couldn't stop blurting out questions.

"Oh," her delicate voice replied, "I lived in a city in a big house. My master was very mean to me and I hate the busy streets, so I ran away from home. My name is Peanuts. I'm so glad I've found someone to keep me company."

Eight-ball nearly went out of his mind he was so happy. He had found a companion. As the days passed they had a couple of lovers' quarrels, and as usual Eight-ball came out second best. Poor Eight-ball! He really carried the scars of his affairs.

Snow was falling now. The two companions wandered on together catching birds for food, until outside the woods in the distance they spied a farm-house. As it looked friendly and inviting the two cats went to the door and meowed. A wicked old lady came to the door and shooed them away with a broom, hitting Eight-ball over the back. Eight-ball and Peanuts then took refuge in the barn, but it seemed that not only was the woman wicked and unfriendly but also the horses in the barn. Peanuts was kicked and Eight-ball was caught under one of the horse's hooves. They managed to retreat though, and to crawl away to the long stretches of pasture land. Eight-ball was almost ready to collapse.

"I can't go on," he kept crying, but since Peanuts was not so badly hurt she urged him to keep going.

Then Eight-ball noticed something. There was a road along the side of the pasture. He recognized it. It was familiar. The city was about five miles away and his home was between the pasture and the city. He could sense it. This kept him going. They plodded on under fences, over hills, the snow almost blinding them. Peanuts saw a mink dart across their path. She remembered having caught one once before when she was on a fishing trip with her master, but she was too weak to catch this one. They just kept going — almost crawling. Peanuts was behind Eight-ball, giving him a nudge whenever he lay down to rest.

Now in the distance he saw his house — home! They had travelled three miles. Night was casting its dark shadow. Up the driveway, up the steps, and they would be there. The driveway was steep but they climbed it.

"Thank Heaven someone is home," they thought.

The door was thrown open at the sound of their meows. Eight-ball's mistress, Jane, a little girl of ten, flew out into the blizzard and picked up the two cats. Eight-ball was dead.

DIANA BRYANT, VI A.

LIFE AFTER THE MINT

When I was first made I was a beautiful, shiny, silver quarter. I stayed in a big box with ever so many other quarters, and every day a man came and took away a handful of us. Eventually the man took me. I found his hand was quite dirty, spoiling my brilliant shine. I went for a long, dark journey, and found myself in the Fourth National Bank, in a drawer under the counter of the eighth teller. I stayed there for a few days, and then I was put into a dark, smelly pocket, full of very dirty money. I could hardly breathe; the air was terribly hot and stuffy, and I lost more of my shine.

Some time later I was given to someone else with a clean, fresh pocket, and given a soft handkerchief for a nice bed. I stayed there for quite a while. One day, the person who owned the pocket pulled out the handkerchief very suddenly, and I fell into the street! I landed on the edge of the gutter, in a puddle of mud. This took off the last of my shine. I stayed here, miserable, for several hours until I was picked up by a child with a cold, wet hand. I was taken into a shop and put in the till. About ten minutes later I was taken out and put into a well-worn black leather wallet.

I can't remember how much later it was, but I was taken out of the wallet and put into some horrible-smelling cream, and then taken out and washed. Lo! and behold, I was clean and shiny again! I was then dried, and put into a pretty china bank, and that is where I am now.

Who knows what will happen to me in the future? I can only hope that I will not be too roughly treated, but the life of a silver quarter is a long one.

PAULINE ROBERTS, V A.

A TEAR

Oh, can I never find again
The thing I lost so long ago?
But all my heart is full of pain,
And seems to beat beneath my feet
It does not matter when or where,
I only know I'll always care,
And as I heave a heavy sigh.
A doleful tear drops from my eye.
Oh, help me learn to hide that tear
Whose presence seems so very near,
And when at last my life is done
Let others have my share of fun.
I never felt the joy to laugh,
But only knew this inner wrath
Which tears this saddened heart in two
The moment that I think of you.
For now I realize you were sent,
I never knew just what you meant.

KATHLEEN PLOW, Matric.

THE JOYS OF WRITING A POEM

There just isn't anything quite as hard
As trying to be a poet or bard.
The words I want are miles away
And don't seem to come, try as I may.
Writing a poem takes up so much time—
And I never can make the wretched lines rhyme.
There are those who find this hard to master
And those who are lucky and fly much faster!
The minutes roll by me, one by one,
And the next thing I realize, I haven't begun!
After some scribbling it starts getting late;
I've still got nowhere — What a terrible state!
Instead of being covered with words and thoughts
The paper is ravaged with nothing but blots!
My! Writing a poem is oh, such a bore!
Just look at the time! I'm ready to snore!
I soon bite my nails, chew on my lip,
Lean back in my chair, but my eyes seem to slip.
"Wake up, you Fool, there's work to be done,"
Rings in my mind. "You've still not begun!"
Now I'm determined, so I concentrate
On getting it down before it's too late.
It finally gets started. At this point I'm so glad
I don't give a hoot if it's good or bad!
Next I discover my mind has gone blank!
Frankly, if only the truth were told,
Writing down poetry leaves me cold.
At last I'm through; it's over and done—
And now up to bed! My battle is won!
But once up the stairs and down "Sleepy Hollow"
I start dreading to-morrow, 'cuz there's lots more to follow!

KATHERINE MILLS, H. Sc. Matric.

FORCED ENTRY

In the safe shadows of the elm tree, I rested, gasping for air, and listening for the slightest movement that would betray my enemy. I instinctively flattened myself against the tree when a car's sudden headlights stabbed into the shadows. The penetrating beams swerved and the car passed, leaving me crouching in the gloom.

Darting from the street-lamp's light to the safety of another hedge, I bolted along the pavement. Here I stopped. My own shadow seemed to quiver

with the pounding of my heart. Silence. Dead, muffled silence fell on the street. No car went by, no one strolled along the pavement, no ash-can lids banged shut. Nothing.

I plucked up my courage and crept briskly along, still hestitating to leave the cover of the shadows. I had scarcely gone ten yards before the front door of a house slammed shut. I shot for the protection of the next garage.

Around the corner, so near, the house I was looking for. Trembling with anticipation, and anxiety I skulked towards it. The front gate, weathered and rusty, squeaked at my first touch. I cringed, waiting for that crucial moment and checked over my shoulder to see if anyone had heard; nothing stirred. Resolutely then, I opened the gate wider and slipped into the yard.

I paused; my eyes soon became accustomed to the deeper gloom of the over-hanging trees. As I knew the front door was locked, I hoped for an open dining-room window. Tonight, though, my keenest scrutiny disclosed that all the dining-room windows were shut.

Through a Y-shaped cleft in the branches of an ancient maple the moon shone on an upper bedroom window, wide open and tantalizingly out-of-reach. In the deep grass, damp with dew, I sat a moment and thought over the situation. Somewhere, two or three blocks over, a dog howled miserably and the gloom of the adjacent houses seemed to become more threatening, the darkness within my own house, more impassive.

Then it occurred to me; I had not considered the kitchen windows. I tiptoed over the black flagstone path and looked through the back gate with apprehension. Sure enough — one of the kitchen windows was open after all!

Gingerly I nudged the gate to see if it was squeaking; it moved freely and silently. To avoid the moonlight which poured across the rose garden, I furtively brushed close against the house.

A murmuring breeze, wafting summery perfumes to me, rustled the leaves of the swaying maple's branches. Glancing upwards at the house I noticed the shadows of the branches moving on the three potted geraniums which stood on the right hand side of the window ledge. I gathered myself for the spring, ran lightly towards the windows, and — up!

The noise so startled me that I almost fell back! Yet I hung for the minute of inarticulate terror while the reverberating sound died away. Crouching for a minute on the sill I saw the one remaining flower pot, and the other two, shattered on the tile floor below. Then I let myself down.

Leaving the beams of the accusing moon to pick out the confusion in the kitchen, I padded up the back stairs. Making a headlong dash for the bedroom, I jumped on the warm bed, curled myself up and licked my paws.

"Not a bad night after all!" I purred as I fell asleep.

SHEILA SALMOND, Matric.

LINCOLN REFLECTS

Silence — stars in the night sky mirrored in the black Reflecting Pool — the sound of a speeding car in the distance — the fresh smell of an awakening day — more cars — service trucks rumbling by — some pre-dawn lights reflected in the shallow, rectangular pool — the night-watchman with a flashlight walking across the marble floor — several chirping sparrows landing on the steps — a cool, moist breeze spreading out in the room where I, a statue, sit on a gilded pedestal — a red exit light glowing over a door to the right — a car's horn piercing the early dawn — the sound of feet running by — darkness turning paler — a steady sound of cars — a janitor sweeping the floor — a rosy glow on the far side of the pool — more sparrows — a pink haze over the whole pool — janitors sweeping the steps — lights — more janitors entering with ladders — dusting, brushing, shining for the day's sightseers — sunrise floating on the pool—

Another day has started in Washington, D.C., but this day is a special one. Hundreds of Negroes from all over the country are coming here today to express their feelings about segregation and integration. It is a serious problem and cannot be solved overnight. The Negroes have the right to want jobs and privileges in America; it is a free country and has no law about what colour people have to be to live there. Some "Whites," however, do not want to have people of other races getting so many jobs that "Whites" will be unemployed.

Recently the presence of Negroes in various public places has caused some trouble from prejudiced "Whites," and we can see why some restaurant owners like to keep the peace and their customers by not admitting Negroes. If, however, the Negroes were allowed in they would provide enough business to make up for that lost through "Whites" leaving. Why, then, are so many Southern restaurants segregated? The owners must be prejudiced or are afraid of losing their friends by standing up for what they think is right.

Not only restaurants, but colleges also have

caused some trouble. A Negro has the same right to an education as a white man, but the presidents of some colleges may feel that they are letting-down many of their fellow "Whites" by allowing integration in their colleges. These presidents feel that many students might decide in future not to go to an integrated college. Why are some of our race like that? Do they feel superior to the black man because white is supposed to be a symbol for purity? That would be a very feeble excuse for the death of several Negroes and some "Whites." These things mentioned form only a small part of the complex problem that is causing thousands of people to march today.

The early morning tourists are arriving now. They are all covered with cameras. Two policemen have just walked up the long steps into this memorial pavilion to stand guard here in case of any trouble later. This huge room is becoming stuffy from all the people. It is very warm up here where I sit and watch the tourists, and look through the door to the activity around the Reflecting Pool. Many more Negroes are here today than usual. Now there is a general movement towards the entrance at the top of the long slope of steps. The marchers must be arriving outside. I can hear humming the drone of distant crowds. It sounds as if they were nearing. Here they come; they are all crowding and sitting down around this end of the pool. Martin Luther King is making a long speech. They have now started to sing some songs, probably hymns or Negro Spirituals. Songs and orations will go on all afternoon.

Now the crowds are starting to leave. They sound satisfied, judging from their peaceful singing, and there has been no trouble.

One hundred years ago a war was fought for and against slavery. The war left the country in chaos, with many problems unsettled and thousands of people killed. I hope that to-day, one hundred years later, we as Americans have the decency to regard the Negro as our neighbour and to treat him with equality and respect.

Now the crowds have all left. Men are sweeping around the pool with the reflection of the sunset floating on the water. The traffic noises have lessened. Birds can be heard. There are almost no cars now. The night-watchman just walked through. The city is falling asleep. Again—silence—.

JILL STAINFORTH, VI A.

LIFE IS SHORT

This Wednesday was different from the usual Wednesdays, for it was my thirteenth birthday, but I'll never forget the day that followed; it was truly different. We heard Dad come home from work at seven o'clock and all rushed downstairs to greet him with warm kisses. Today, though, Dad could not throw his arms around us and toss us high into the air as he usually did when he came home. This surprised us, but our surprise was greater when we saw a precious fawn wrapped tenderly in his arms. Happiness left us speechless; all we did for the next three minutes was stare with our eyes full of happy tears. We could not stop thanking Dad for a most wonderful surprise.

"It's for you, honey," he said looking at me. It was too good to be true, having a real birthday present of my very own. Dad placed my baby on the carpet of our living room. I still could not stop staring and thinking how beautiful Bambina was. Her build was completely perfect. Before my eyes glowed her light brown hair, with its white spots — some big, some small. We loved her dearly. Her soft brown eyes and pudgy brown nose blended in with her body. She was very young and small and the expression on her baby face showed that she really had feelings. I sensed that she was missing her mother.

I tried feeding Bambina bits of rice, but she did not like it. I then tried other kinds of food such as potatoes and bananas, but with the same luck. I felt that her weariness explained her lack of appetite, so I put her to bed. Her bed was in a corner of the living room. The next morning I raced down to see her. I carried her to our back-yard so that she could feel free. How touching it was to see my "pet" so full of happiness, which she expressed in her quick movements as she frolicked about the garden. I offered her some food, but poor Bambina had no desire for it. I did not know what to think this time. Maybe feeding her milk in a bottle would bring back the motherly care she had been used to feeling, but she turned her face away every time I tried. I left her for a while and came to play with her later in the day.

When I returned, Bambina looked very, very different. Her thin legs were no longer strong enough to hold her up as beautifully as when I first saw her. She was determined not to take any of the food I offered her. I started forcing her to have milk, but it was not enough to make her strong. I thought for a moment, tears in my eyes, but before I had a chance to think twice Bambina's legs had given away.

"Oh no, no" I kept muttering to myself. Sadly I looked down, my eyes blinded with tears, to see

Bambina's beautiful body stretched at my feet. It had felt like a dream from the first moment I had her.

"She is no longer mine," I quietly cried, "but now she will be in the hands of God."

VIVIAN GOTTHILF, VI A.

THE MATTERHORN

If you have ever been to Switzerland at any season of the year and for any length of time, you may have felt as I do now for this wonderful country. You, too, may have caught the fever that is ever present in the air — a fever which makes you want to know everyone and everything in the country much better than just as an ordinary tourist would.

I had always felt this way — but never as strongly as when I awoke one morning in Zermatt to find the bright sunlight streaming into my room and a crisp breeze making the curtains dance. I knew right away that today would be ideal for our planned climb up the Matterhorn. As I looked out of the window the same feeling of love and admiration swelled in me as had done many a time before when in awe I had gazed at the dominating Matterhorn. Now a huge cloud of snow was blowing off the peak and the glaciers gleaming in the sun and etched against the clear blue sky made me feel as if I were looking at a beautiful painting.

I jumped out of bed, dressed warmly but lightly, as too many heavy clothes would be a hindrance in the climb, and ate a good breakfast. I packed a small haversack with a piece of cheese, some fresh French bread, and a flask of light wine; then I collected my equipment: ice-pick, alpenstock, two hundred feet of nylon rope, cleated boots, sunglasses, and a peaked Swiss hat.

As I left the hotel the cold air sent a shiver down my spine. I tramped down the main street of Zermatt, periodically looking up at the mountain and wondering what I had forgotten. Then, as I turned the corner, a cheery welcome rang through the air.

"Salut, Andrée," shouted Jacquot, a member of the ski school, and our guide for the day! "Are you ready for the climb? We have been blessed with perfect weather."

I answered in a more or less patois of southern Switzerland where the three languages, French, German, and Italian are mixed together. The third member of the party, Anton, a young Swiss from Lausanne, and I had never climbed the Matterhorn.

We were all in the highest spirits when we left the village behind us. The mountain seemed to be very close, but after we had been walking for half an hour it seemed to be moving away from us. Our packs became heavier and our feet began to drag. We were gradually ascending a vast glacier which took up the greater part of the valley, and every so often we could look down in wonder at the beauty of the sunlight being reflected in the weird ice formations in the crevasses. Soon Anton, exhilarated by the brisk tang of the mountain air, began to yodel. The echo resounded clearly through the air, and in next to no time we were laughing and singing too. We reached the first cliff at about ten o'clock and we then adjusted the rope, leaving approximately thirty-five feet between each of us. This was a new experience and I was on the constant lookout for snagged or twisted rope. Thoughts of falling went through my mind, but these were soon thrown aside, as one had to concentrate on each foot-hold. We seemed to be climbing up a sheer cliff, but Jacquot assured us that all would go well as he knew what he was doing. I felt very awkward when I compared myself to his agility, for mountain-climbing had come naturally to him, who had lived in the mountains all his life.

After an hour of steady climbing we paused for ten minutes, just long enough to catch our breath and look out over the valley which seemed to be miles below us. We then climbed continuously for another hour and a half, until we reached the summit. I then realized how Josef Matt, the conqueror of the Matterhorn, must have felt in his moment of triumph. I am sure this feeling of momentary pride and triumph is experienced by all who have ever done any real mountain-climbing, whenever they are conquering a peak which man has yet to reach or even when they are climbing just for pleasure. The view we obtained was magnificent and I was filled with an ecstacy beyond description. The beauty of a different world surrounded me — a mysterious, silent world four thousand feet above all the noise and bustle of the civilized world of man. Other high summits seemed closer, those of the Jungfrau, and the Monta Rosa in Italy. We sat and ate our lunch in silence so as not to break the almost magic spell which the beauty had created. We descended swiftly and easily, with the aid of ropes and ice-picks. The day had slipped away quickly and the sun sank slowly into the western sky.

That evening at dinner, Jacquot and Anton and I discussed the day's climb. I was in rather a depressed mood as the next day I had to return to Canada. All the happy memories of my two weeks in Switzerland came back to me, and I kept hoping

that I would be able to return again soon. I looked up into the sky to see that the sun had disappeared behind the peak of the Matterhorn, and for a moment, the sky was filled with beautiful shades of red and gold, outlining the mountain majestically; then it was dark. That is how I will always remember the Matterhorn — majestic.

ANDRIA ROSS, Matric.

CREATED EQUAL

It was cold and dull that day, but the sun
Still tried to break through all the clouds.
I entered a schoolyard buzzing with the noise
Of voices of happy children playing in the snow.
I walked around; some stopped their games,
But no one invited me to play.
I tried to smile, then thought that it might
Be warmer inside the school; so I walked
Up to the door and knocked, but they wouldn't let me in.
I looked at myself; then at the other girls;
I knew I was of a different colour,
But I did not think that mattered.
I had a heart and feelings, though few friends;
So I thought I was the same as all the rest.
The dogs down the street didn't growl as I passed;
The birds still sang when I was near;
I was all the same to them.
So I walked away, downcast, but puzzled.
I didn't give up, I just thought of the sun
Trying so hard to light up the world
When the clouds were so dark. But why
Had no one spoken to me, invited me to play?
And why wouldn't they let me in?

JOY BALLOCH, VI A.

THE GHOST OF SUMMER MAGIC

The days of love and sunshine
Quickly pass away,
Oh — so far away—
And I hunger for the hours of lovely bliss,
The days of summer magic — and you.
The days that flew so quickly
Are forever gone
Never to return,
The long sultry afternoons beneath the pines,
The evenings, soft and cool, with you.
Autumn leaves began to fall
Very softly down
To the covered ground,
But you promised me that we would never part,
And I dreamt continually of you.
Now the winter blasts have come;
You've left me and gone
To some far-off shore. . .
And I hunger for those hours so long ago—
The days of summer magic — and you.

BRIDGET BLACKADER, Matric.

A SUDDEN STORM

Today the sea looks full of scorn,
Has looked that way since early dawn;
The fishing boats have sailed away
Towards the ridge of great Percé.

Seagulls circle around the quay,
The last fishing boat goes out to sea,
The wharf hands start to cut up bait;
And the wind picks up a faster rate.

Then a sudden chill and a sudden gloom,
And from out of the sky a sudden boom;
The sea gulls swoop, and make for shore;
The waves, once a murmur, become a roar.

The boats turn back towards the bay,
The men on the wharf stow the nets away;
Great intermittent bursts of light—
And the rain pours down with a vicious might.

Then a sudden hush as the fury ceases;
One final crash the sky releases,
The waves rock gently, quiet and spent,
While the fishing craft are homeward bent.

MADELEINE THOMAS, VI B.

A SINCERE THOUGHT

Sincerity is not a mere word;
It is a corner piece in a jigsaw of social necessities;
Without it we are incomplete; lacking it
We can truly appreciate nothing.
Genuine sincerity is the only sincerity.
It is a sincere word only
That is responded to with warm gratitude;
That gratitude itself, to be true gratitude,
Must be sincere.
A look of deep meaning
Expressing absolute sincerity
Is the only look that really assures its receiver.
Sincerity is rewarding.
People trust those who possess it;
A reputation may be gained from sincere actions;
The utmost effort of which we are capable in any field
Sparks only when its motive is ignited
By a sincere wish.
Surely only sincere prayers,
Those rising from a deep well of emotion within us,
Are heeded.
Above all, true happiness within oneself
Stems from the knowledge
That one is dealing sincerely with the world.

MARY STRATFORD, VI A.

IN HOPES OF TOMORROW

He just appeared very late one night, his limbs riddled with holes, and half his face torn away by a hand grenade. We could still hear the familiar buzz as the enemy planes soared away into the night, leaving their target in ruinous blazes. It was only a little village, quietly snuggled in the pass, sheltered by those towering cliffs that always held me in fascination when I was young. Then, an ammunition base was built there in the hope that it would not be discovered, but it was, and in one night that serene little valley was charred with the spoils of war.

To me, only eleven at the time and having lived here in Korea with my mother and four sisters all my life, he seemed the absolute ideal — an American, wounded in defence of his beliefs. He stayed with us all winter, hidden in the chicken coop. It was a risk, and a very great one; had he been discovered, all six of us as well as my old grandmother and my uncle would have been shot.

He told us about America, and how when the war was over he would be waiting for us there — to give us in return a better and a freer life.

That vision of such a sinless and noble land of perfect felicity hung before us for two years, until, at the conclusion of the war, in 1945, we got our chance to fulfil our dream of happiness. It had been a hard life, and since I was the only man in the family responsibility weighed heavily on my shoulders.

American agencies arranged for our emigration from Korea to that shining glow of America — the freedom over the seas. The day came, but only I watched the shore of grief and despair slip into the distance behind me. My mother had suddenly grown ill, and leaving my sisters to care for her, I had gone to make my fortune in the new land and to find happiness for them all. I was so confident of instant success and overwhelming wealth, I was oblivious of the talk of the sailors. Those golden cities, filled with kind and generous people, of which the soldier had talked, trapped me as a fly in a web.

The American had said that he would meet me. Not a soul did I know in that noisy, pushing, inexorable crowd on the docks. I learned something that day — I learned that I had been terribly taken in by my ideals, and I realized suddenly that there would be no friendly American awaiting me in a crisp and handsome uniform; and that, without a penny to my name or a knowledge of a single word of English, I was deep in the clutches of a problem, a locked gate in a stone wall far greater than those I had just left behind. So it was; my hopes of returning to Korea a rich and contented man were smashed in a moment — the tiniest fraction of the time they took to be made.

I tried to find work, but who in a massive, beating city wanted a foreigner with no skills who could speak only Korean? No one at all. Finally, in desperation, I worked on the docks on which I had first laid foot in America full of ideas and inspiration. I swept away the refuse those kind and forgiving people of my dream had left behind, and with it I swept away all pride and humility. No one cared who I was, or how I was; it was just as though I were a speck of dust swept unnoticed under the carpet. I lived in the back of a slum restaurant — alone in my misery. I could never save a cent to send home. I had wanted so much to be here, and now, in this city of disappointment, I am determined to remain.

Perhaps my greatest regret was how bitterly I had disappointed my family, who waited and waited through the years. My father had died of pneumonia when I was nine, leaving me with the injunction, "Take care of them." He had entrusted them to me and I had failed.

I spent twenty years in that wicked and cruel city, and now I am writing this, defeated but not really resigned to my failure. Beneath the painful discouragement and the dwindling flames of my ideals there still burns a faint hope that my dreams may be fulfilled tomorrow.

The New York Herald — "The body of a Korean was found today washed up on the banks of the city river; aftewards it was discovered that he had thrown himself off Hudson Bridge late Saturday afternoon. He was of unknown identity."

JOAN EAKIN, VI A.

A FASHION SHOW

When I look out of my bedroom window, I can see a fashion show of the four outfits of a tree. Today we will look at the spring and fall fashions.

The first ensemble of the show appears in spring with Miss Maple Tree. She is wearing small green buds. Next we have Miss Pine Tree in short green needles. They are grouped in clusters of three. Last but not least we present Miss Crabapple Tree in small green and pink buds.

The fall fashions are completely different. Now we have Miss Maple Tree in green, brown, and yellow leaves. Her exquisite ensemble is complete with matching leaves at the foot of her trunk. As you will notice, Miss Pine Tree seems to be wear-

ing the same outfit. This time the needles are longer and finer. Her suit is of a lovely emerald green. Miss Crabapple Tree closes the show with beautiful red and maroon leaves. Her dress is accented with small round apples of the same colour.

MARGARET PATERSON, V A.

UNE VILLE INTERESSANTE

Je pense qu'il n'existe pas au Canada de ville plus intéressante que la vieille cité de Québec, capitale de cette belle province où la grande majorité de la population est française.

Québec est la ville la plus ancienne et sans doute la plus historique de tout le Canada. Elle a été fondée en mil six cent huit par l'explorateur Samuel de Champlain. Elle est bâtie sur un escarpement dominant la rive nord du Saint-Laurent. C'est un port important, bien que fermé l'hiver lorsque les eaux du fleuve sont prises par les glaces. C'est également une ville industrielle où l'on trouve des aciéries, des papeteries et de grandes tanneries.

Pour un touriste, cette vieille ville historique est des plus intéressantes à visiter. Ses vieux quartiers aux petites rues pavées, aux maisons hautes et étroites; ses remparts, qui remontent au temps de l'occupation française; sa forteresse; ses belles églises; son musée, où toute l'histoire de son passé est retracée dans des tableaux de cire; son Palais du Parlement, tout aussi magnifique et imposant que celui d'Ottawa; son superbe Hôtel Frontenac, qui s'élève majestueusement au-dessus de toute la cité; ses restaurants bien connus; ses magasins aux jolies devantures; tout, dans Québec, semble fait pour charmer et attirer le visiteur. Plusieurs de ses édifices et monuments portent le nom des hommes illustres qui ont vécu dans ses murs. Par exemple, le comte de Frontenac, premier gouverneur de Québec, a donné son nom à cet hôtel magnifique "le Château Frontenac," dont les Québecois sont très fiers. L'Université Laval, grande université français, a reçu le nom du premier évêque de Québec, François de Montmorency-Laval.

Pour bien voir cette ville, il faut prendre une calèche dont le cocher se fera un grand plaisir de vous conduire dans tous les plus vieux quartiers et de vous raconter, avec force détails plus ou moins amusants, toute l'histoire qui se rattache aux monuments devant lesquels vous passez.

Bien que cette capitale s'agrandisse de plus en plus, et que l'on voie de très jolies maisons modernes dans sa banlieue, elle ressemble plus à une vieille ville d'Europe qu'à une cité du Nouveau-Monde. Aucun gratte-ciel ne lance de défi aux anciens édifices; le métro y est encore inconnu; les enseignes lumineuses et le trafic intense à l'heure de pointe sont les seules choses qui rappellent au touriste qu'il est au XXème siècle.

Québec est à mes yeux une cité merveilleuse, au passé historique, riche de souvenirs. Pour moi, elle est la perle du Canada et j'éprouve beaucoup de fierté d'être citoyenne de cette grande et belle ville connue du monde entier. ANDRIA ROSS, Matric.

THE MIRACLE

The sun had risen into a silver and gold day, and was shining across the restless sea. The foamy breakers could be heard tumbling onto the sand, and the impatient gulls were searching for their breakfast. When she had flung the shutters open, a rush of salty air streamed into the room; it felt cool and refreshing. Soon, she thought, people would be on the beach and the noise of the day would begin, but now, long before breakfast, she could have a few hours of solitude. She slipped her bathrobe on, and quietly opened the door which led to the path to the beach. Limping on the rough gravel, she nearly fell sideways onto the soft sand, and she grimaced in pain as she twisted her bad leg. She was glad no one was on the beach at such an early hour; no people who hurt her deeply when they whispered among themselves about the brace on her leg.

It was then that she realized that she wasn't alone, but that a small child was wading near the surf. A huge wave descended upon the child, hiding him completely. Suddenly the child reappeared; screaming and choking, waving his arms in a frantic gesture. Then he vanished again. She was overcome with fear; she couldn't see him any longer. She dragged her crippled leg along the sand, and plunged into the icy waters, gasping from the shock of the intense cold. She managed to find the small body, and, drained of all energy, she let the merciless breakers carry her back to shore where she collapsed with one arm encircling the child.

Later, in a dream-like fog, she was conscious of people talking:

"The boy's alive, and I think the girl will live too, although she's suffering from extreme shock. You know, it's too bad. She came down here to get away from it all after the car accident. The doctor said it would be practically impossible for her to walk again. You should have seen her dragging her leg along the beach, but so determined. No, she still can scarcely walk, and it's a small miracle that she saved the boy, because she can't swim either!"

She then slipped into unconsciousness.

CHRISTINE IVERSEN, VI B.

A KIDNAPPING

The October sun shone brightly on the glittering snow-covered fields as I drove my car speedily down the dirt road, slowing as I came to an unpaved road, shaded by pine trees on one side. From now on everything would be easy, I thought as the car bumped down a small hill. All I had to do was to kidnap William Scott, junior. Any seven-year-old boy would come, I felt, even with a stranger, if he were offered ice-cream or candy; I would then collect the ransom money and leave the boy on the side of the road somewhere on my way out of the country.

As I backed into a small lane I glanced at my watch. It was five minutes to three. The boy should be passing on his way home from school in a few minutes. Eight minutes had ticked slowly by when I saw a tiny boy come trudging through the ankle-deep snow, down the edge of the country road. In one small hand he clutched a book and in the other he carried his tuque. Straight brown hair fell on his forehead, half covering a dark eye; his brown jacket, which was much too big for him, was undone. I would not have any trouble with such a feeble boy as William Scott, junior.

After he was a little way past the car I drove out of the lane and followed him, stopping the car beside him.

"Hi Billy," I shouted; "my name is Mr. McCree. I'm a friend of your Dad's. I told him I'd pick you up on the way home from school and buy you an ice cream cone."

I opened the door and without any hesitation he climbed into the car beside me and put his hat and book down on the seat between us.

"Thank you very much, Mr. McCree, "he whispered. "Have you come to do business with Daddy? So many people come that I hardly ever see him. He never has time to play with me."

His small voice was so pathetic as he sat there on the seat beside me, his short legs sticking straight out in front of him, that for a moment a frighteningly guilty feeling made me shake all over. It seemed wrong that such an innocent little boy should die simply because his father, who did not seem to care about him anyhow, was a multi-millionaire. The feeling soon left when I convinced myself that such a feeble little boy would be of no use if he did remain living.

"Gee, this is real nice of you, Mr. McCree," Billy said, interrupting my thoughts. "When we get home I'll show you my model aeroplane I'm building. It's a secret, so you won't tell anyone, will you?"

"No," I replied, impressed by Billy's friendliness.

"I'll tell you something else," he said, putting his tiny hand into the large pocket of his coat. "This is what I got Mummy for her birthday. Do you think she'll like it?"

He opened a blue box and showed me a large, silver-coloured brooch.

"It cost me two dollars; I've been saving up since Easter," he continued in his quiet voice, a tiny smile breaking on his thin lips.

"It's very nice," I remarked "your mother is a lucky person."

I was so impressed by Billy's friendliness and generosity that instead of driving past the ice-cream stand as I had intended to do, I stopped, got out of the car, bought him the largest ice-cream cone I could, and drove down the road towards his house.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL, VI A.

DEDICATION TO PREP-MATES

A Prep-Mate is a valuable friend;
She's an asset we would recommend.
She answers our notes, and does our math.;
Greater patience no one hath,
(Except our mother, but even she
Cannot do geometry.)
She's someone to count on from another class
To give us gossip about who we didn't pass.
She knows all the other news from afar,
And when back from a leave, brings a chocolate bar.
She forwards notes to Janey Cobb,
And then sends them back without a sob.
After her cooking class is done
She'll be sure to offer us a bun.
She's even civil to us in the hall,
Which is pretty nice, for after all
We each think ourselves pretty unworthy to be
The right kind of Prep-Mate for K.H.C.
Some trades she makes are as smooth as satin,
Like doing our Comp., if we'll do her Latin.
She's someone to go to away from our Form
To laugh with or talk to when we're forlorn.
Yes, to all Prep-Mates I sing this song,
For, without them how could we get along?
Enjoy her now for it won't be long.
Until next year, when she'll be gone.
It's sad, isn't it? But don't be blue,
For next year, also, brings someone new!

BEVERLY BRYANT, VI A.

SHOE-SHINING!

As so-called normal students of King's Hall, the girls hurry straight from the third class up to the gym. every week-day morning — they hurry, that is, except on Mondays and Thursdays. On these special days they dread passing the woman who stands erect and coolly glances at the feet of each passing student.

As she stares straight ahead, she asks each girl, "Did you do your shoes this morning?"

A quick "Yes!" is the reply. The various methods of cleaning used by the girls vary with their characters. The first method is recommended to the slow students who are always late for everything, and also to those who have poor manners. This method is to use the sleeve of the school sweater to buff with until the shoes faintly shine. Another method practised while waiting in line is to rub one foot up and down the stockinged calf of the other leg; as a buffer it will shine the shoe. A navy sock may also be a buffer. This process is reversed to shine the other shoe. Unfortunately some girls may find they are wearing white socks, which show the black smudges. These girls must run to the nearest friend who has remembered to wear dark socks, to borrow her calves. These are fool-proof ways because the dirty, black marks do not show on the navy sleeve, sock or stocking.

Second comes the method used by the pre-occupied, who are not quite as lazy as those who follow the methods explained above. The girls expend enough time and energy to go down to the shoe-polishing room, having rushed ahead of the Staff who was teaching the last class before break. This is how they go about shining their shoes. To begin with, on entering the room they are aware of various stooped figures polishing shoes carelessly. Those who have just entered fall in line behind the busy students and coldly glare at them until they feel so uncomfortable that they drop the brushes, and meekly leave the room. The girls who had stood in line then pick up the brushes and begin on their own shoes. No polish is used, because by now the second prayer bell has gone and no time can be wasted. Having finished this operation, they throw down the brushes casually and race upstairs to join the others waiting in line.

The last class of shoe-polishers may be known as the "Thinkers," or "Those who are too lazy to bother hurrying to the basement." Why are they called "Thinkers"? Because they have bought the liquid shoe polish which fits neatly into a corner of their desks. This is how they go about their polishing. They begin as soon as the Staff has left, followed by those who use methods one and two. Quite calmly they pull out the bottle and unscrew the top. They place their feet in turn on their desks and spread a smooth coating of black liquid on each shoe. They finish by putting the top back on the bottle and replacing it in their desks.

NANCY MACDONALD, Matric.

FIFTY YEARS OF SADNESS

As he stood listening, and gazing at the dirt floor beneath him, the darkness slowly closing in, he thought to himself, "Fifty years, fifty long years." He then sat idle, aware of nothing about him.

This man was old, tired and depressed; sick of the world and everything in it. Although he knew very little of what went on in the world outside his own sphere he knew enough to feel remorse, despair and guilt.

He soon rose awkwardly, and becoming aware of the surrounding darkness, made his way to the small rickety table upon which stood a grimy oil-lamp, and beside this a few matches. Taking the matches in his hand — wrinkled and worn with age — he struck carefully on the stone wall beside him. From the small wick a warm light penetrated the room.

The old Negro sat once more, his eyes now on the flame, which cast weird, flickering shadows on the walls of the small enclosure.

"Why, why did I commmit that terrible sin?" was his continuous thought. A vague shadow passed over his face and his mind turned to other things. He wondered what his next world would be like, the world he would soon be in forever. "Had God forgiven me? Will he help me, or will I live another life of sin and Hell?"

This thought frightened him; made him cower, afraid of death, of Hell, and of the world. He bowed his head slowly, thinking, praying; and then his mind fell silent. A short while later he raised his head, afraid no more.

He soon lay back on his wooden cot and his stiff limbs painfully relaxed. Sleep soon found this man, the kind of sleep from which one never wakes.

And now a sad but peaceful scene! This old man was lying in silent serenity, a small flame spreading a thin light over the still, black face and on the damp, ugly prison cell. He would be happy now, happy and free of the guilt which had shamed him for so long . . . Black or white, God had forgiven him.

MARILYN NICHOLS, VI B.

HAPPINESS FOUND AT LAST

As I wearily gazed up from the kennel floor, I suddenly realized that many pairs of interested eyes were upon me. Ever since my horrid master had brought me to this dreary, devastating, dirty kennel, I had wished and dreamed that some kind girl or boy would carry me away to a nice warm, comfortable home.

"Of course," I said to myself, "I'm nothing beautiful! Just a plain spaniel, with soft brown eyes, long floppy ears, a stubby tail, and smooth brown fur. Oh, how I wish that sweet little boy over there would take me away."

Coming out of my wonderful dream, I tried to perk up and I stood looking out of my tiny home with hope that he would choose me for his little pet. I did everything a dog could do to please him. I rolled over, barked while prancing up and down, stood there gazing with a wistful expression, and ever so many more stunts.

Finally I heard a small voice say, "I'd love to have her! How much will she be?"

I was too excited to hear the reply. After a few minutes, which seemed like an eternity, he opened the door, picked me up in his small hands, and petted me like a lost sheep that had been found. Oh, how happy I was that day! Then he gently put me down, clipped a shiny new leather leash on my collar, and we both walked out of the kennel forgetting all unhappy memories.

Jennifer Byres, V A.

THE SWALLOW

The beach is sandy-brown and warm;
Thereupon the swallows swarm.
This kind of bird is a friendly type;
It eats off berries when they are ripe.
The slender legs, and forked feet
Will stand on the sand in the hottest heat.
But, alas, this bird has one wrong—
When it sings, it sings a bitter song.
Unlike the beauty of the nightingale
Whose song will never, ever fail.
The swallow's song is shrill and deep;
You can tell it by the slightest peep.
But do not give up, for this bird is good,
For strong in stature on the beach he stood.

Jill Rankin, V A.

There was once a young girl from King's Hall,
Who went to a B.C.S. ball;
She danced all night
With a boy of great height,
And next day he came over to call.

Jill Rankin, V A.

PICTURE CREDITS

The Serious students	P. Doheny
Loafing	A. Donald
Beatlemania	C. Sharp
More Beatles	G. Gurney
Off to Hillcrest	E. Macnaughton
The Belles	P. Morgan
Serious Music!	J. Balloch
No prize for neatness here	J. Balloch
Winter Hike	J. Balloch

BIG G.

From the first time I noticed him I felt pity. Most of his fur was gone, and what was left was unevenly patched over his body. His ears were nipped and his tail was broken in several places. At that, he hardly looked a cat.

I knew that I must do something to help this dumb creature. Often I would eat my lunch on the back porch, so I could throw a few pieces of meat or bread to him. The first few times I tried this he did not approach it, but no half-starving cat can refuse a good meal.

The next week I named him Big G. After being constantly called, he eventually recognized the name.

One lazy afternoon, as I sat outside munching on a delicious bacon sandwich, I cast a piece out to the bush where he thought he was hiding. He eyed it, sneaked forward, suddenly made a fierce grab with his paw, retreated under his bush, and greedily ate. Delicious!

Presently he reappeared and planted himself in the sunshine. I held some meat out in my hand, then called softly. Big G. timidly came up, as if hesitating about the idea. The next thing I knew, the meat was gone, and I was stroking a half-tamed cat.

That was the beginning of a close relationship between a homeless cat who looked like a tramp, and me.

Sheila McIver, V A.

LIMERICK

There once was a young boy named Petah
Who went out to ride on a cheetah;
He hung and he hung
Till he finally was flung;
And now he is gorgeous meatah!

Ann Esdaile, V A.


Paris

A CRUEL HOAX

Some wise old man once said that one picture was worth a thousand words. This particular poster, although designed for the sole purpose of reminding a gullible public that only "Well travelled people travel Sabena," captures and holds the eager attention of the aesthete.

The place pictured is Indonesia; the time is about mid-afternoon. Opalescent temples, with their ancient-Orential architecture, set the scene. Their exterior carvings, illuminated by some mystical glow thrown from inside, bewitch us. They are so odd, so meaningful . . . fashioned by adroit hands in such a manner that all the creator's emotions and beliefs mingle in with their smooth lines and forms. Gentle, refined, dark-skinned women, with exquisitely patterned vases balanced on their heads, sway graciously through the rustling, emerald-green grass. Their hollow cheeks, high cheekbones, large brown eyes, and silky brown hair show us beauty—genuine, untouched beauty. Overhead, fluffy clouds of a soft lemony shade are set in a barely green sky, and, silhouetted against this picturesque sky, are two rolling pale green and beige mountains.

But in this busy, mad world of today, there is no time for idle wistful gazers; and so I am forced to turn my back on my beautiful dream world and resignedly face a world of slushy, off-white snow, rude, surging crowds, and noisy, honking cars.

Christine Prescott, VI B.

THE DOCK STREET

The dock street in Harlem was quite still; the gigantic freighters had been put to sleep, the labourers were gone. The street was a dirty one, with cartons and rubbish lying about, outside the equally grubby shipping yards. The streetlight was reflected on the wet pavement, for it had just stopped raining. The one thing that pierced the almost complete silence of the area was the "click" of taps on a cheap pair of shoes on the hard asphalt.

The noise came closer, and out of the blackness appeared a lone figure, his collar pulled up, his hat down over his eyes. He continued to walk down the deserted street.

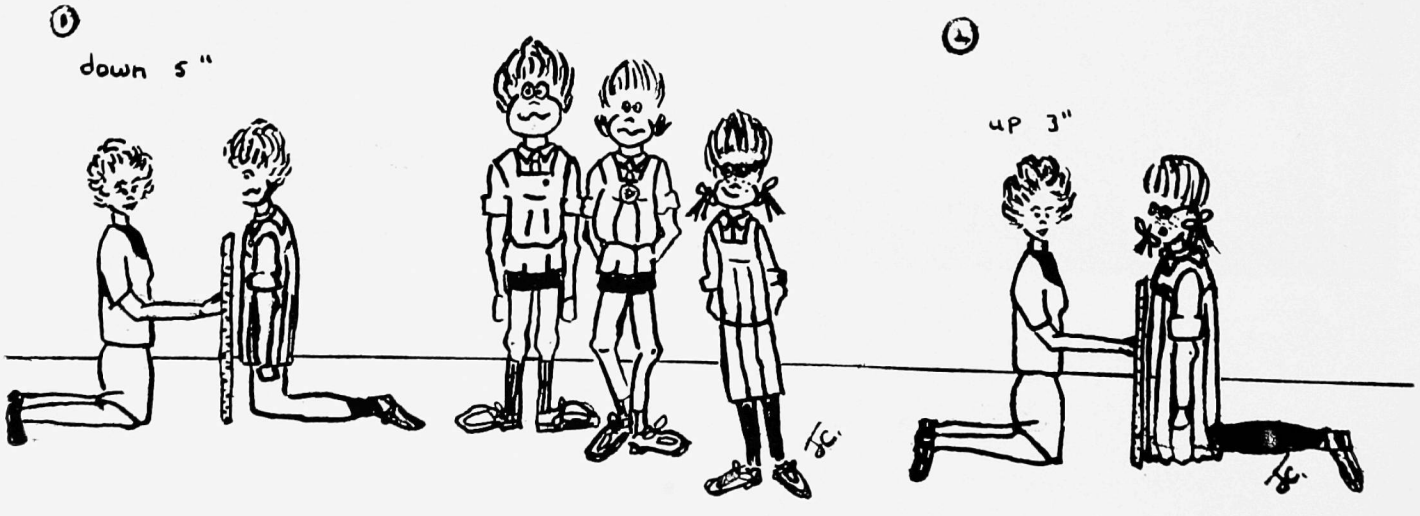
Suddenly out of one of the side alleys emerged a group of youths, staggering and yelling. The figure swung around and stood—facing them — stunned and terrified, unable to move. He could see that these delinquents had switch-blade knives and short lengths of chain, which flickered brightly in the stream of light coming from the street lamp.

The man turned to run, but tripped. The gang struck!

Soon the street was still again; not even the sound of taps coming down the road could be heard. All that was left was a butchered body lying in a pool of blood.

And so the dawn broke over the filthy section; down by the docks of the great city, New York, ending this cold, perilous, lawless night.

Brenda Peck, VI B.



AT LAST

At last I could see the proud mansion with its Lincoln pillars; the lush green lawns and magnificently coloured flowers; and above, the endless blue heavens and the white, fluffy, powdered clouds. Yes, I could see Maria's emerald green eyes, her silky blonde hair as it fluttered around her shapely face, her dimples and her devoted smile. Little Mike was a chubby, golden baby who had grown since I had last seen him, but nevertheless I could trace his mother's features in his round little face, and if I am not mistaken, I could detect an even greater similarity to myself.

It has been a year since I have feasted my eyes upon these things which are so close to my heart. A year ago I was the victim of an accident in which I lost my sight. My days were spent in misery, staring into space but seeing only darkness. No light could penetrate this darkness, nor could I break through the shell of despair and regret which began to surround me. Endless tests were made by the leading doctors, but to no avail. No more could I appreciate the beauty of the reds and golds at sunset, or the joy I felt when I looked at Maria and Mike, or the solitude of a softly lighted cathedral.

It was during these depressing days that I turned to God. I knew that I must have faith in an omniscient power, for otherwise I would grow to hate and shun the world.

A few days ago this dismal world changed. A miracle took place. I could see! Colours seemed glaring, but beautiful; images sharp, but magnificent. Hot tears ran down my cheeks and I wept for joy. "O God, thank you," was all I could say. I heard voices. One of them was Maria's; she also was weeping. I was not fully aware of my surroundings, but felt in a world of my own. Feelings of relief and thankfulness flooded my heart. I have never felt so close to God. I could see — at last!

ROBYN WISE, VI B.

A TEACHER OF ARCHITECTURE

Planting her feet firmly on the edge of the cliff, Greta let down her silken thread as the youngest and newest member of Spider Hole sent up urgent messages from the precarious place on the ledge of a cliff. Greta then took a flying leap and landed on the narrow ledge beside the frightened little spider. Putting her arm around him, she leaped and climbed up to the top.

She then unknotted the thread from the twig which had saved their lives and proceeded to question the culprit as to why he had been using his thread.

You see, at Spider Hole, the school for all young spiders, the pupils are definitely not allowed to use their climbing ability nor their weaving talents and most definitely not their hanging threads. They are allowed to gain possession of these gifts when they pass their second-year climbing badge. Greta Spider, teacher of the architecture of weaving webs at the school, had been there for ten years, and wondered why the young spider had disobeyed when he knew that he would be grounded for three months after he had received his badge.

The unfortunate little spider said that he had seen a big, juicy horsefly basking on the sunny ledge and couldn't resist it. Greta was about to give him a lengthy preview of the punishment he would be given, when she remembered a similar incident that had happened years ago. The only difference was that she had been the quivering, stammering, repentant criminal and there had been no mercy shown.

Swallowing hard, she took the little one gently by one feeler and told him she would see what she could do.

GERALDINE HUTCHINSON, V A.



STOPPING BY MY SKIS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose skis these are, I think I know.
They have no base left — lack of snow;
No one will see me stopping here
To gaze on them and shed a tear.

My little feet must think it queer
Not to have to steer me clear
Of woods and other frozen skiers
Who, when I pass give me a sneer.

I give my harnesses a shake
To see if there's been some mistake,
And find to my extreme surprise
They always have been only fake.

These skis were lovely, fast and cheap,
But I have promies to keep,
And now they must join the heap
Of skiing worries — now I'll sleep.

Elizabeth Paterson, VI B.

DEATH

In my little town the people are mourning. They are remembering a wonderful man. He was a gentle, sweet and generous man. His name was Father John, and a kinder man had never been seen, and maybe never will be seen again in our little town. Father always pitied the poor among us, helping them and others when they needed help. On a stormy winter night he would go out to help those who, he thought, needed him.

Father John was the greatest man we had ever known, but now he is no longer with us. The veil of death has separated him from us and a shadow of darkness has filled our town. People wander through the streets weeping as they go to our chapel to pray with the other sorrowful people. I know Father would be most upset if he knew how we are taking his death, but death affects all people, for they know that sometime in the future the dark veil of death will come over them also.

Dianne McMahon, VI B.

FOLLOW THE MASTER

His face was a mild one, with a sad, lonely smile. This was a face thousands had seen, this was a smile hundreds had known. His hands were hands of mercy with the gift of life flowing through their veins. They were gentle hands, hands that helped, hands that healed. His feet were weary; they had carried this man scores of miles to heal and to save, and now it was time for them to rest. His voice was a quiet voice. Multitudes had heard this voice, for this man was a story-teller. He had told stories of love, reward, courage, forgiveness, and no one who heard these stories ever forgot them. His voice was a voice that did not rise in temper, but remained low in forgiveness. He was a gentle man who taught others compassion, devotion, courage and hope, just by being on earth. He was a quiet man who had numerous friends; yet he stood alone in all he did. He was tired now. He had earned a rest, though; the hands, the voice, the feet, had done their job; now they would toil no more after they had performed one last task. He performed this final deed of love when they nailed Him to the cross.

Sheila Reid, VI B.

THE CROCK WALK

That sound, that sound, that never ending sound
Of muffled footsteps on a narrow road
That stretches on and on.
That rain falls silently,
And now
I see the faces coming two by two.
That narrow, snaking line that stretches on and on
Interminably.
On every brow the rain beats down,
And runs in channels down the cold white face
Which gleams with pale and chilly light,
And eyes cast down.
And, to the side, the leaders urge the lines to move
More quickly yet;
And sometimes through the stillness of the air
I hear a shout
Encouraging the strings of enervated souls
Who can no longer comprehend these cries.
With downcast eyes, and narrow shoulders hunched
Against the rain,
With faces palely shining to the quiet ground,
They move.

Andrea Jellicoe, Matric.







PICTURE CREDITS

"And so to Bed" D. Hornig
The Juniors' "Chez-Nous" B. Kirby
Walky-Talky Compton style Martha Jervis-Read

COTTAGE REPORT

Susie Caridi is from South America and Tina Cross is from New York. All the others are from Canadian homes. Vicky Buchanan, Norah Carter, Heather Kaye, Mary McLaughlin, Frances Rogers, Marcia Salmond, and the Stead sisters, Elizabeth and Hilary, are from Montreal. There are five girls from Ontario: Belinda Kirby and Debby Harris from Ottawa, Fiona St. Clair and Jeffy Waddell from Toronto, and Brenda Booth from Aurora. The other five girls are from the Eastern Townships: Dale Ellson from Knowlton, Debby Hornig from Magog, Ruth Jellicoe from Lennoxville, and the twins, Mary and Martha Jervis-Read, from Sherbrooke.

This year we were lucky enough to have a recreation room built for us. We call it "Petit Chez Nous" and it is one of the most used rooms in the Cottage.

At the end of the first term we had our annual Christmas party with sandwiches, cookies, cakes, and soft drinks. We all sat around the Christmas tree while Santa Claus (kindly played by Miss Wallace) gave out our stockings. Each girl had drawn a name out of a hat and prepared a stocking for that person. It really seemed as if we were just a big family at Christmas time.

During the second term we went skiing at Hillcreast and took our falls with perseverance. We also had numerous snowball fights in which everyone was good-naturedly covered with snow from head to foot. Snow sculpture was attempted, but Mother Nature was against us and rain destroyed our efforts.

We were invited to tea with Miss Gillard and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly there.

The third term brought the end of snow and the beginning of warm weather. After school the juniors often used to lie outdoors and sunbathe. One week-end we all went for a picnic and enjoyed it very much. In the cool of the evenings after Prep we attempted to play baseball and tennis.

On Saturday we would go down to "Petit Chez Nous" and play our favourite records, mainly the "Beatles." Quite often people would have birthday parties, making a welcome change from our everyday activities.

The last event for the Juniors was the cottage party. There were races, and prizes were given to the winners. We all had tremendous fun and it will remain a happy memory of cottage days.

We should like to thank Mrs. Welter and Miss May for their help, understanding, and kindness throughout the year.

Dale Ellson, Vicky Buchanan, Marcia Salmond

A WHALE OF A WHALE

Once upon a time, not long ago, and not far away, there lived a boy named Tim. Now Tim was very lonely, so he bought a pet fish. When he got home, he cleaned out the fish bowl, and put in the fish, Tiny.

Soon Tiny began to grow, and soon he did not fit in his bowl. So Tim put Tiny in the bath-tub, but he outgrew the bath-tub. Poor Tim! What was he to do with Tiny? Tim's daddy said one day, "If that whale doesn't stop growing, we will have to get rid of him."

What was poor Tim to do? He got a pond put in the back yard, but alas, Tiny was too big for the pond. Meanwhile Tim's father had found a lake for Tiny. Poor Tiny missed his master very much; he missed his fish bowl, his bath-tub, and his pond. Tiny was a too big little whale.

Tim kept feeding Tiny and Tiny kept growing until he was too big for his lake. Tim could only think of one thing — the ocean. Tiny was returned to the ocean — home at last. Tiny was so happy with his new playground that he would leap out of the water for joy. So if you go to the seaside and see a big little whale jump out of the water, it's only Tiny, the "too big little whale."

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, V B.

MOUNTAINS

Silver mountains rising into the sky;
Some are low and some are high;
Some are brown and some are green;
Some are near and some not seen;
Some are pointed, some are flat;
Some are shiny, some are black;
But mountains rising from the sea
Are the most beautiful to me.

ELIZABETH STEAD, V B.

CHRIS

She is my friend. We like each other more than anyone else (except our parents, of course) and we have known each other since we were three or four. We like to do the same things and think the same things, and when a person does that she is the best. She is good-natured and fun to play with. She is good at making clothes for everyone.

Chris and I are in the kitchen lots of times. She is quite a good cook and makes delicious cookies and icing. Once we made taffy and gave some to my dog. She liked it but she looked awfully funny trying to chew it.

I would never part with Chris because we are like sisters. We will always be firends.

ELIZABETH STEAD, V B.

TURNING THE TABLES

The night before Hallowe'en, everything underneath the earth was stirring. The goblins, witches, ghosts, and cats were at work, getting ready to scare all the little children on Hallowe'en.

Snarly Kate was getting ready to play her same old trick on Doreen. You see, Doreen has her birthday on October 31st, which is Hallowe'en day. That day Snarly Kate used to fly in the back window and creep up the stairs to scare pour Doreen out of her wits.

"This year," said Doreen, "I am going to turn the tables on that old Snarly Kate."

It was Hallowe'en night — oh, yes, it was. Doreen had just got into bed. She wasn't shivering so much this time. She had a trick to play on Snarly Kate.

Doreen could hear old Snarly coming up the stairs. "Ha, ha, I'll scare her this time; I surely will," said Snarly Kate.

Doreen jumped out of bed, shivering all over. She put a big white sheet over herself and walked from her room, making weird noises. Silly Snarly Kate ran all the way downstairs, leaped on her broom, and flew far away.

"Good-bye, Snarly. Don't return again," called Doreen.

You know, she never has to this day.

HEATHER KAYE, B V.

THE FAIRY GROVE

There is a tiny grove in the woods by the tracks. It's not too large and it's not too small; just right for fairies to hold a banquet.

On one side there is a throne for the fairy queen. It is covered with moss and tiny violets. In the centre, a ring of small four-leaf clovers forms a place where the fairies dance. To the right of the queen's throne is the elves' band. They make beautiful music on Lady's Slippers, Jack-in-the-pulpits, and toadstools. Facing the Queen is a long, low log; around it are growing miniature mushrooms; these are the table and chairs.

The brownies, being wonderful cooks, always supply the food. At these banquets, the fairy delicacies are always eaten. First there is dew-drop wine, made by the goblins. Then follows a nice, June bug or Black bug, the fairies' favourite meat. For dessert they have gooseberries and carrot crackers.

After dinner they all go for a swim in the sparkling spring. A grove like this should make you want to be a fairy, just like it did me.

RUTH JELLICOE, V B.

SUNSET ON LAKE WINDERMERE

The sun began to sink slowly in the west. The lake shimmered with gold like a glass of bubbling wine. Behind the mountains the sun sank, leaving a touch of pink lace amongst the snow-capped summits. The gentle light flared suddenly as the sun turned its environment into a dashing scarlet, but died as quickly as it had appeared.

Then the night set in with a silver crescent dangling in a complete silence, and the stars twinkled like the eyes of a merry old man. The day was done.

Fiona St. Clair, V B.

FEAR

Fear, to me, is like a black mass of wind blowing me from everything that is safe and into a murky pit which has a million arms waiting, just waiting, for me to fall into the pit so they can kill me. Fear also comes over me at night when the house is quiet, and Fear creeps slowly up the stairs. I can't scream because it grasps me by the throat and then slowly lets go. I feel it leaving the room silently, very silently. Then, and only then, do I scream, as if Fear has ordered me to.

Mary McLaughlin, V B.

CURIOUS FOOTPRINTS

Trailing around the school are many curious footprints, each trying to reach a different destination. Some of them are small and some are quite big. A few of the footprints drag behind and many rush swiftly ahead. A lot of the footprints wander off to the side as if they are seeking a new adventure. Some of them are being smothered by the flaky snow and are fading away, but this afternoon there will be more curious footprints planted in the snow.

Debbie Hornig, IV A.

There was a young lady of Rangled
By her toes she constantly dangled;
To shorten this tale,
She slipped in a gale,
And was caught in a washer and mangled.

Fiona St. Clair, V B.

A PROBLEM OF LANGUAGES

There once was a young Latin teacher
Who wanted to marry a preacher;
He spoke only Greek,
So she thought him a freak,
And a rather ridiculous creature.

Mary Jervis-Read, V B.

KING'S HALL TROUBLE

There was a young girl from King's Hall,
Who thought life was all just a ball;
As doing her lessons
She fell to depressions,
And so she did nothing at all.

Marcia Salmond, V B.



K. H. C. O. G. A.

KING'S HALL OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

WOULD ANY OLD GIRLS MOVING INTO THE TORONTO AREA PLEASE CONTACT MRS. GORDON BALL, 29 CORTLEIGH BOULEVARD, TORONTO 12, SO THAT OUR LISTS MAY BE KEPT AS UP-TO-DATE AS POSSIBLE.

THOSE MOVING INTO THE MONTREAL AREA PLEASE CONTACT MRS. M. M. JONES, 3550 RIDGEWOOD AVENUE, MONTREAL.

Toronto

On October 2nd, 1963 the first K.H.C. reunion dinner since the second World War was held at the Park Plaza Hotel in Toronto. Miss Gillard was guest of honour and Anne Gregory from Montreal represented the Old Girls' Association. Head table was made up of representatives from each decade from 1910 to the present. After dinner there was a great deal of reminiscing and Miss Gillard gave a wonderfully informal chat about the school today. One hundred and twenty-eight attended the dinner and O.G's. came from as far afield as Brockville, Kapuskasing, London, Kitchener, Sarnia and one O.G. from Montreal — to say nothing of Marg Pirie Myers from New Zealand and Anne Stuart McFarland from England, who happened to be visiting in Toronto at the time.

NANCY BOYD

Montreal

A year ago the Old Girls' Association decided to form a Scholarship Committee whose purpose was to raise funds with an ultimate goal of $15,000. This would permit the Old Girls' Association to pay half the fees of one girl in the school at all times. With this aim in mind it was decided to organize a number of fund raising functions.

Our first effort was a dinner and theatre evening on St. Helen's Island last July, followed by a raffle in November of a trip to Bermuda. The result of these two functions, together with the generosity of some private donors, has given us a profit of over $4,500. in our first year. We look to the support of all Old Girls and their friends so that our ultimate goal can be reached as soon as possible. Anyone wishing to make a contribution, or who has any ideas for future fund raising events, should contact Mrs. C. C. Ballantyne, 3548 Grey Avenue, Montreal 28.

Last November at our dinner meeting we were very pleased to have as a special guest Miss Dorothy Wallace who had just completed 25 years at Compton. We were greatly amused by the following:—

"PSEUDO - LAB. - REPORT"

Purpose—To disperse a liberal scientific education.

Method—**1**) Set-up a laboratory — add pupils, texts, reference books, burners, black-boards, apparatus, chemicals.
(N.B.—This experiment cannot be completed in one lab. period, so provision for carry-over must be made.)

2) Present facts of natural laws, theories of behaviour of matter, wonders of the whole extent of nature.
3) Mix thoroughly with data from all parts of the universe.
4) Bring back to earth on a micron wave length.
5) Reach out to the stars in a light-year space craft.
6) Look internally, at microscopic detail of biological structure.
7) Look externally at microscopic phenomena in whales, pachyderms, and stars.
8) Apply heat, pressure and/or catalysts.
9) Grind all facts very finely.
10) Filter and save the most desirable.
11) Distill the Greater Truths from the Dross.
12) Observe for a life-time to gather all the results.
13) Present all material with understanding, knowledge, patience, and humour.
14) Hope for the best.
15) Be prepared for any emergency.

Observations

1) Attention of subjects variable.
2) Rate of absorption of material variable.
3) Near insolubility of many ideas evident.
4) Attraction between pupils and science unreliable and extremely variable.

Conclusion

1) Success of experiment inversely proportional to the square of distracting material present in pupil's mind.
2) Estimated success in most cases — 40% to 75%.

To paraphrase a paraphraser:—
When I look back and nostalgically ponder
What we were like in the dim distant past.
I often most thankfully wonder
How through those years I have managed to last!

Then it may be there will often come o'er me
Glimpses of books on a shelf wide and long,
Visions of girls will now flood before me,
Echoes of classes come drifting along.
Bubble up! Bubble up! Bubble up! Bubble up!
Bubble up!

In the Chem. Lab. again and again
For the many experiments done
Bubble up! Bubble up!

D. Wallace

MARRIAGES

Janet Henderson to David Morrison, May 10, 1963.

Marion MacDougall to John MacFarlane, May 18, 1963.

Elizabeth Wallace to Ian Leslie, May 18, 1963.

Suzanne Cuthbertson to John Delany, June 15, 1963.

Beverley Penhale to John Nicol, July 2, 1963.

Penelope Throsby to John MacDonald, July, 1963.

Heather Rogers Sutherland to Nigel Thompson, September 28, 1963.

Gabrielle de Kuyper to George B. Cabot, October 5, 1963.

Linda Fraser to John Pretty, October 5, 1963.

Sheila Williams to James Campbell, November 2, 1963.

Elizabeth Napier to Harvey Goodwin, February 29, 1964.

Marion Thomson to William Holton, March, 1964.

Diana MacDougall to William Weir, April 25, 1964.

BIRTHS

Dr. and Mrs. Duncan MacCrimmon (Sandra Smith) a daughter, May 21, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Body Whittall (Susan Teakle) a daughter, June 19, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Keen (Nancy Gilmour) a son, June 20, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Jamie Plant (Gail Eakin) a daughter, June 26, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Pierre Togneri (Diana Drew) a son, July 4, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Tass Grivakes (Lynn Weir) a son, July 6, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mollitt (Judith Perron) daughter, July 6, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. William McCrudden (Marcia Gibb-Carsley) a son, July 10, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin (Antonia Mitchell) a son, July 29, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S. Chapman (Diana Daniels) a son, July 31, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brodeur (Barbara Drummond) a son, August 13, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loewen (Susanne Chester) a son, August 21, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Carre (Norma Taschereau) a daughter, September 19, 1963.

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Rees (Judy Vivian) a son, September 23, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Nelles (Wendy Whitehead) a daughter, September 25, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Todd (Nancy Glass) a son, September 26, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair (Joan Donald) a son, October 21, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. John Impey (Patricia Creery) a daughter, October 13, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Findlay (Dorothy Johnstone) a daughter, October 3, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall (Diane Taylor) a son, October 18, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Borden (Mary Ann McNab) a son, October 26, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Hartland MacDougall (Eve Gordon) a daughter, October 29, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Howatson (Barbara Rooney) a daughter, October 29, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. David Moore (Judy Young) a son, October, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Dawson (Ann Sise) a son, November 17, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Terrance Dingle (Judy Hingston) a daughter, November 20, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ferris (Judy Bignell) a son, December 19, 1963.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Applebee (Meg Aitken) a son, January 30, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour (Anne Trenholme) a son, January 21, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Stevenson (Deirdre Molson) a son, February, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch-Staunton (Juliana de Kuyper) a daughter, February 5, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gregory (Anne Boright) a daughter, February 7, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. David Morrison (Janet Henderson) a daughter, February 22, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Eberts (Elizabeth Angus) a daughter, February 16, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien (Patricia Archibald) a daughter, March 7, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. David Stewart (Flora Church) a daughter, March 18, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Taylor (Rahno Aitken) a a daughter, March, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ball (Saundray Bogert) a daughter, March 25, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Yves Fortier (Carol Eaton) a daughter, April 3, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Linton Reid (Mary Holt) a daughter, April 13, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. James Iversen (Mary Molson) a son, April 15, 1964.

DEATHS

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mrs. Peter Gault (Joan Jenkes) in September, 1963. Matric. Class of 1940.

BALANCE SHEET
As at February 29th, 1964

ASSETS

CASH:		
General fund	$ 587.62	
Life membership fund	1,409.32	
Scholarship fund	3,772.96	$ 5,769.90
INVESTMENTS, at cost		
Bonds:		
$4,000 Loblaw Leased Properties Ltd. 5-1/2% April 1st, 1983	$ 4,022.50	
500 British Columbia Telephone Co. 6%, September 15th, 1984.	500.00	
500 Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, 5-1/2%, February 15th, 1981	500.92	5,023.42
		$ 10,793.32

REPRESENTING:		
General Fund:		
Balance at beginning of year	$ 4,246.96	
Add: Excess of income over expenditure for the year	875.22	
	$ 5,122.18	
Less: Donation to Scholarship Fund	1,000.00	$ 4,122.18
Life Membership Fund:		
Balance at beginning of year	$ 2,839.77	
Life membership fees received	30.00	
Interest on fund	28.41	2,898.18

Scholarship Fund:

Donations ($1,000.00 from General Fund)	$ 1,270.00	
Dinner and Theatre Night proceeds	810.64	
Bermuda trip draw	1,687.92	
Bank interest	4.40	3,772.96
		$ 10,793.32

Respectfully submitted,
ROBIN LEBARON, (MRS. D. A.)
Treasurer.

MONTREAL, April 30, 1964.

STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE
For the year ended February 29th, 1964

INCOME:

Membership fees	$ 950.51	
Receipts — teas and luncheons	54.50	
Interest on bonds	272.00	
Bank interest and exchange	27.09	$ 1,304.10

EXPENDITURE:

Supplies	$ 40.10	
Teas and luncheons	25.00	
Magazines	192.50	
Travelling	63.85	
Miscellaneous	97.43	
Laura Joll prize	10.00	428.88
EXCESS OF INCOME OVER EXPENDITURE		$ 875.22

GLENDINNING, CAMPBELL, JARRETT & DEVER
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

Staff Directory

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss P. Braddick, 17 The Avenue, West Wickham, Kent, England.
Mlle. O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mrs. J. Clifton, Grier House, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Miss G. Evans, R.R. No. 1, Cookshire, P.Q.
Miss H. Fairweather, 20 Murrayfield Drive, Edinburgh, 12, Scotland.
Mlle. C. Gauthier, North Hatley, P.Q.
Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, P.Q.
Miss H. Jenkins, "Littlewood," Keppoch, P.E.I.
Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
Mme. S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss M. MacDonald, 42 Fingal Road, Dingwall, Ross-shire, Scotland.
Miss F. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
Miss B. Marchant, 5000 Doherty Ave., Montreal 29, P.Q.
Miss J. May, 205 Radin Road, Arvida, P.Q.
Miss M. Morris, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ont.
Miss C. Oomen, 26 Perrault Ave., Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.
The Rev. D. F. Roberts, The Rectory, Compton, P.Q.
Miss D. Stickney, R.R. No. 1, Site Box 5, East Florenceville, N.B.
Miss J. Tudor Jones, Headley Rectory, Bordon, Hants, England.
Miss D. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
Mrs. M. Welter, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mme. E. Yarrill, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Autographs

S. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, Quebec
J. Aitken—Apartado 1789, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
B. Andras—214 Russell Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ontario
C. Baedeker—North Hatley, Quebec
J. Balloch—Liverpool, Nova Scotia
P. Barker—22 Granville Road, Montreal 29, Quebec
A. Beeston—37 Rue La freniere, Sorel, Quebec
B. Blackader—7 Ramezay Road, Westmount, Quebec
J. Bonnar—765 Upper Belmont, Westmount, Quebec
B. Booth—Hill Top Farm, Yonge Street North, R.R. 2, Aurora, Ontario
B. Brockunier—78 Larchwood Drive, Cambridge 38, Mass., U.S.A.
A. Broomfield—232 Isabella Avenue, Cooksville, Ontario
B. Bryant—Cedar House, R.R. 3, Magog, Quebec
D. Bryant—Cedar House, R.R. 3, Magog, Quebec
S. Buchan—8 Liguanea Avenue, Kingston 6, Jamaica, W.I.
V. Buchanan—650 Grosvenor Avenue, Westmount 6, Quebec
J. Byers—604 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
G. Call—Briarhurst, Knowlton, Quebec
B. Campbell—3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, Quebec
C. Campbell—3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, Quebec
S. Caridi—Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
N. Carter—33 Holton Avenue, Westmount 6, Quebec
A. Carre—2205 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa 8, Ontario
M. Chapman—304 Rose Park Drive, Toronto 7, Ontario
J. Clarke—Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, 05672. U.S.A.
J. Clarke—Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, 05672. U.S.A.
S. Collin—Upper MacNaughton Avenue, Hudson, Quebec
M. Conduit—281 Bessborough Drive, Toronto, Ontario
C. Cook—11117 Waycroft Way, Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.
A. Cowans—3061 The Boulevard, Montreal, Quebec
T. Cross—440 East 57 Street, New York, New York, U.S.A.
D. Dawes—357 Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 16, Quebec
N. Doheny—18 Aberdeen Avenue, Montreal 6, Quebec
P. Doheny—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec
A. Donald—267 Sulphur Springs Road, Ancaster, Ontario
M. Douglas—29 Donwood Drive, Toronto, Ontario
V. Druce—4913 Western Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
C. Dunlop—Wittenham House, Smiths, Bermuda
J. Eakin—635 Carelton Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
D. Ellson—Tandale Farm, Knowlton, Quebec
L. Ellson—Tandale Farm, Knowlton, Quebec
A. Esdaile—120 Dinnick Crescent, Lawrence Park, Toronto, Ontario
C. Finlayson—Lakeshore Drove, Rawdon, Quebec
S. Fleming—P.O. Box 603, Baie Comeau, Quebec
J. Fletcher—167 Rue de la Belle Croix, Danville, Quebec
J. Francis—Box 220, Desbiens, Quebec
S. Galt—765 Lexington Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
C. Gordon—3122 Daulac Road, Westmount, Quebec
V. Gotthilf—Apartado Aereo 590, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
S. Graham—56 Belvedere Circle, Montreal, Quebec
M. Grant—152 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ontario
G. Gurney—Gananoque, Ontario
D. Harris—255 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa 1, Ontario
D. Hornig—R.R. 1, Austin, Quebec
S. Hutchins—3455 Stanley Street, Montreal, Quebec
G. Hutchinson—14 Beavis Terrace, New Liskeard, Ontario
C. Iversen—5697 Queen Mary Road, Montreal 29, Quebec
A. Jellicoe—Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec
R. Jellicoe—Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Quebec
M. Jervis-Read—1012 McManamy Boulevard, Sherbrooke, Quebec
M. Jervis-Read—1012 McManamy Boulevard, Sherbrooke, Quebec
B. Johnston—310 Palm Trail, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
S. Johnston—1076 Thornhill Park, Quebec 6, Quebec
E. Jones—6 Hillside Road, Elizabeth, New Jersey, U.S.A.
H. Kaye—1395 Scarboro Road, Montreal 16, Quebec
J. Kenny—141 Howick Street, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ontario
N. Keyes—Box 1, R.R. 2, Ottawa, Ontario
B. Kirby—460 Roxborough Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ontario
J. Lamplough—478 Cote St. Antoine, Montreal, Quebec
C. Lawson—300 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa 2, Ontario
W. Leggat—609 Berwick Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal, Quebec
N. MacDonald—3485 Westmount Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
R. MacDuff—P.O. Box 141, Hudson Heights, Quebec
K. Mackay—Creole Petroleum Corporation, Tia Juana, Venezuela, S.A.
C. MacLatchy—1305 Dowler Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario
E. Macnaughton—7 Redpath Row, Montreal, Quebec
M. Magee—500, Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
J. Massey—141 Dunvegan Road, Forest Hill, Toronto, Ontario
S.McCain—23 Granville Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Quebec
C. McDermid—1356 Montreal Avenue, Calgary, Alberta
S. McDowell—86 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.
L. McFarlane—641 Murray Hill, Westmount, Quebec
M. McIver—246 Harmer Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ontario
M. McLaughlin—67 Sunnyside Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
J. McMaster—3141 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, Quebec
D. McMahon—1031 Durham Avenue, Calgary, Alberta
K. McMeans—14 Birch Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario
S. Meyers—42 Farnham Crescent, Ottawa 7, Ontario
F. Miller—4 Islemere Gardens, St. Dorothée, Quebec
K. Mills—4313 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
C. Moffat—10 Grenville Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
E. Morgan—270 Senneville Road, Senneville, Quebec
P. Morgan—3425 Northcliffe Avenue, Montreal 28, Quebec
C. Morton—St. Marguerite Station, Quebec.
L. Mundy—771 Acacia Lane, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ontario.
A. Newman—3302 Cedar Avenue, Westmount, Quebec.
M. Nichols—2423 10th Street, S.W. Calgary, Alberta
E. Nickson—Knowlton, Quebec
J. Parke—192 Governor's Road, Dundas, Ontario
J. Parke—192 Governor's Road, Dundas, Ontario
E. Paterson—1735 McGregor Avenue, Fort William, Ontario
M. Paterson—1735 McGregor Avenue, Fort William, Ontario
B. Peck—617 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
S. Peck—617 Clarke Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
M. S. Philpott—3465, Cote des Neiges, Apt. 1, Montreal, Quebec
K. Plow—Silver Birches, Oakfield, Halifax County, Nova Scotia
C. Prescott—22 Richelieu Road, Fort Chambly, Quebec
B. J. Punnett—Box 77, St. Vincent, West Indies
J. Rankin—15 Church Hill Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
W. Rankin—15 Church Hill Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
S. Reid—350 Kensington Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
J. Robb—32 Forden Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
P. Roberts—The Rectory, Compton, Quebec
L. Robinson—687 Third Avenue, Rawdon, Quebec
F. Rogers—465 Barton Avenue, Montreal 16, Quebec
V. Rorke—332 Henry Street, Cobourg, Ontario
A. Ross—1241 de Laune Avenue, Quebec 6, Quebec
N. Rudel—4141 Blueridge Crescent, Montreal 25, Quebec
G. Russel—51 Belvedere Road, Westmount, Quebec
M. Salmond—4840 Côte St. Luke, Apt. 1003, Montreal, Quebec
S. Salmond—4840 Côte St. Luke, Apt. 1003, Montreal, Quebec
D. Shalom—Apartado Aero 32, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
C. Sharp—66 Forden Crescent, Westmount, Quebec
T. Smith—4295 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
K. Solandt—36 Hawthorne Avenue, Toronto 5, Ontario
S. Soler—Apartado 539, San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America
J. Stainforth—c/o Creole, Apartado 889, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
J. Stairs—12 Maple Street, Kenogami, Quebec
F. St. Clair—55A Castle Frank Road, Toronto 5, Ontario
E. Stead—595 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Quebec
H. Stead—595 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Quebec
A. Stikeman—48 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
E. Stikeman—48 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, Quebec
C. Stinson—1 Hillpond Road, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.
D. Stinson—1 Hillpond Road, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.
M. Stoddard—"Inchley", North Hatley, Quebec
M. Stratford—"Glenhurst", Corunna, Ontario
M. Thomas—St. Peter's Rectory, Box 327, Cookshire, Quebec
D. Thompson—320 Parkside Drive, Bathurst, New Brunswick
P. Vickers—8 St. Georges Place, Westmount, Montreal, Quebec
J. Waddell—14 Highland Avenue, Toronto 5, Ontario
J. Walbridge—196 Lakeview Avenue, Pointe Claire, Quebec
M. Webster—469 Victoria Avenue, Sherbrooke, Quebec
K. Westhoff—R.R. 1, Beebe, Quebec
K. Wilson—64 Old Forest Hill Road, Toronto, Ontario
R. Wise—183 Dufferin Road, Hampstead, Montreal, Quebec
J. Worden—111 Lazard Avenue, Montreal, Quebec
H. Wyllie—698 Churchill Place, Baie d'Urfe, Quebec

Thinking about your future?

PLANNING A BUSINESS CAREER?
CONTINUING YOUR EDUCATION?
In *either* case,
THINK OF THE BELL



If you are looking for permanent employment, why not drop in at The Bell now and find out more about the opportunities in this important service. You'll probably find exactly the career to suit your personal interests. You will receive job training and company courses of instruction in many important fields. You will earn a good salary—and you'll have the satisfaction of helping to maintain a public service essential to your community.

And if you are planning to continue your education, remember The Bell when you graduate from college. There will be splendid opportunities for you then, too—so keep us in mind, won't you?

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

Built, managed and owned by Canadians.

Compliments of a Friend

Autographs

COMPLIMENTS

OF

DONALD ROPES & WIRE CLOTH LIMITED

HAMILTON, CANADA



R. F. Baril Inc.

DISPENSING OPTICIANS

1408 Drummond Street, Montreal, Que.

Telephone 288-4493

315 Dorval Avenue, Dorval, Que.

Telephone 631-3300

Rexall

YOUR FRIENDLY REXALL DRUG STORE

FEATURES HAIR CARE PREPARATIONS

AND COSMETICS BY

Tiffany, Cara Nome and Adrienne

A tradition of fine banking service

For over ninety years, the Commerce has been the sign of the finest in banking services. Either at home, or wherever you travel, let the Commerce take care of your financial problems. There are branches in every major centre in Canada to offer you the finest in convenient, courteous service.

THE BANK THAT BUILDS

CANADIAN IMPERIAL
BANK OF COMMERCE
Over 1260 branches to serve you

Compliments of a Friend

SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.

353 FRONTENAC ST., SHERBROOKE, QUE. TEL. 562-2633

OFFICIAL WHITE KING'S HALL BLAZERS

MADE - TO - MEASURE



MAKERS OF SPORTSLINE ACTION STYLED BLAZERS

for

Curling ◈ Tennis ◈ Golf ◈ Lawn Bowling and Team Sports

Write for Prices and Self-Measuring Order Form

RICHARDSON SPORT TOGS

546 YONGE STREET

TORONTO, ONTARIO

ANDRAS, HATCH & HETHERINGTON LTD.

(ESTABLISHED 1921)

MEMBER:
The Toronto Stock Exchange
The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada

Telephone EMpire 3-9151

320 Bay Street — Toronto 1, Ontario

KENNETH B. ANDRAS
H. WILLIAM HATCH
CHARLES T. SHEPHERD
SIDNEY C. HETHERINGTON
JOHN A. BOYD, JR.
FREDERICK H. SCHMIDT

ROYAL SECURITIES CORPORATION
LIMITED

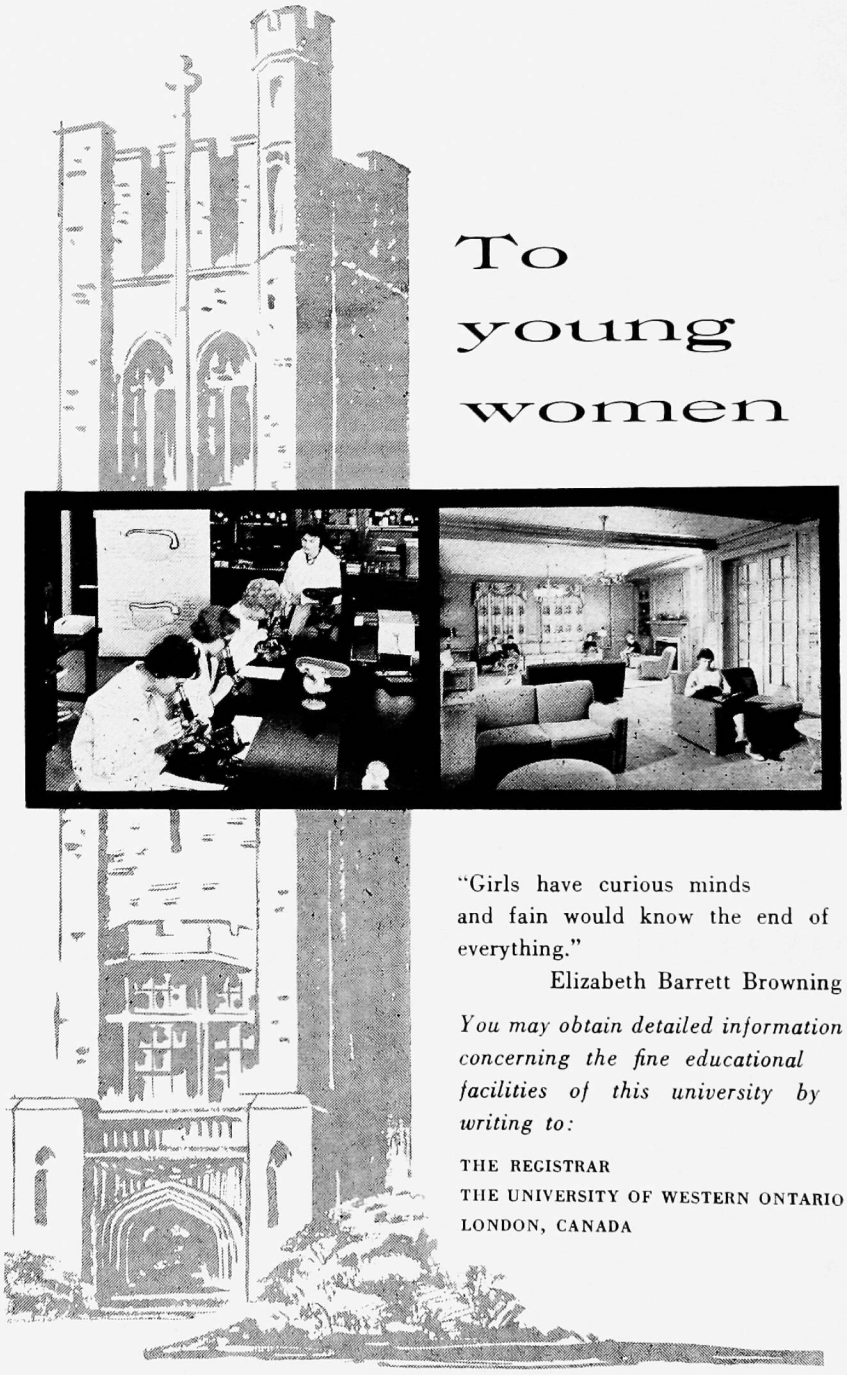
HEAD OFFICE:
244 St. James Street West, Montreal 1, Canada

Branches in principal Canadian cities

UNDERWRITERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
CANADIAN GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL,
PUBLIC UTILITY AND INDUSTRIAL ISSUES

ROYAL SECURITIES COMPANY

Members of Montreal, Canadian, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver Stock Exchanges



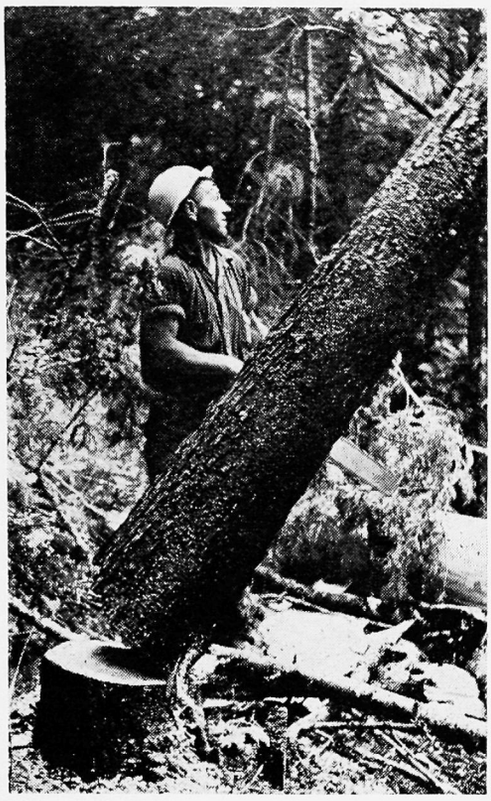
To young women

"Girls have curious minds
and fain would know the end of
everything."
Elizabeth Barrett Browning

You may obtain detailed information concerning the fine educational facilities of this university by writing to:

THE REGISTRAR
THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO
LONDON, CANADA

The UNIVERSITY of WESTERN ONTARIO



Timber!

Timber — standing trees — Canada's most valuable natural resource.

Timber means lumber, wood pulp and newsprint paper — the lifeblood of our economy.

Conservation of our forest resources should be one of the first duties of every Canadian.

KEYES SUPPLY CO. LTD.

WHOLESALE

AUTOMOTIVE PARTS AND EQUIPMENT
HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES - RADIO AND TELEVISION

OTTAWA

NORTH BAY - SUDBURY - SAULT STE. MARIE
KINGSTON - BROCKVILLE - CORNWALL
PEMBROKE - HAWKESBURY

GOOD LUCK TO THE CLASS OF '64!
YOU'LL SOON BE LEAVING FOR EVERMORE.

NO MORE BEING SIGNED BACK IN, IN A RUSH,
NO MORE, AT LIGHTS-OUT, HAVING TO 'HUSH'!

FAREWELL TO LANDSCAPE SO GORGEOUS IN FALL;
FAREWELL LUSCIOUS APPLES. SPRING SUGARIES AND ALL.

BUT, HERE'S TO THE FUTURE! AND MAY YOU FIND
REWARDING USE FOR YOUR WELL-TRAINED MIND.

AND HERE'S TO YOU EACH AS YOU BID YOUR ADIEU
TO SCHOOLMATE, TO MISTRESS, AND GILLY, TOO.

YOU'LL FIND TREASURE FOREVER IN YEARS TO BE
IN FRIENDSHIPS WELL WELDED AT OLD K.H.C.!

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE MATRICS OF '64,
AND BEST WISHES TO ALL AT KING'S HALL.

With the Compliments
of a Matric's Parents

Compliments of

Hugh Mackay & Company Ltd.

Members of all stock exchanges in Canada



COMPLIMENTS

OF

HARRIS FUELS

OTTAWA

COMPLIMENTS

ANSWER-CANADA



COLIN'S SKI SHOP

MONT GABRIEL LODGE

Mont Gabriel, P.Q.

◆

Your Family Ski Shop

Best Wishes and Good Luck

to the Matrics from

a Parent

CONGRATULATIONS

AND

BEST WISHES

TO ALL THE

VAs

FROM PECASUS

Recuerdos a "Mrs. V." de la

tierra del sol, Colombia!

HEATHER HOSPITAL INC.

CONVALESCENCE - CHRONIC CARE

★

RAWDON, QUE.

Telephone 631-8526

AIR CHEFS INC.

450 MICHEL JASMIN ROAD, DORVAL.
MONTREAL, QUE.

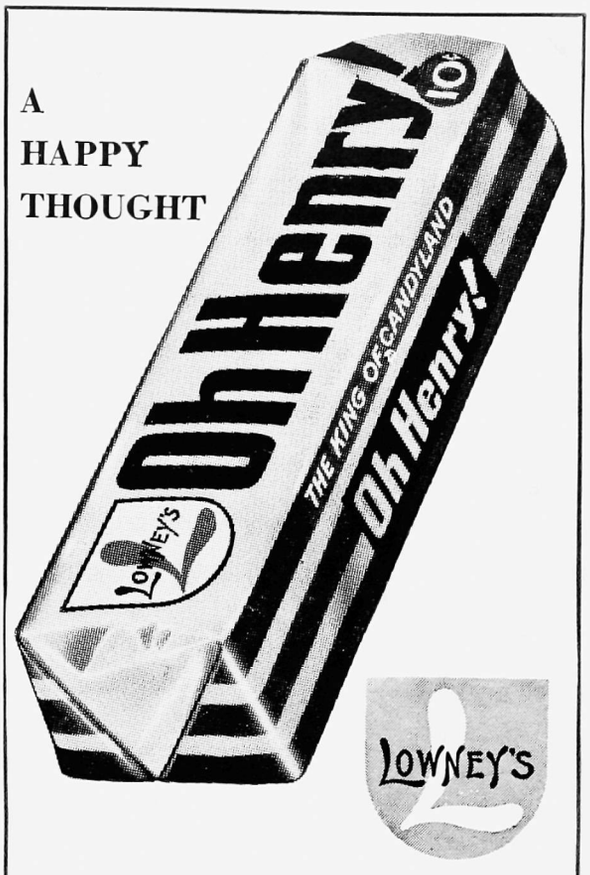
- AIRLINE CATERERS
- PRE-COOKED FROZEN MEALS

COMPLIMENTS OF

Dr. R. M. STAINFORTH

Venezuela

A
HAPPY
THOUGHT



FOURTH ANNUAL
EASTERN
TOWNSHIPS
ANTIQUE
SHOW &
SALE
sponsored by
NORTH HATLEY COMMUNITY CLUB
TOWN HALL
North Hatley, Que.
JULY 3-4 — 1-9 p.m.
ADMISSION: .50
REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE.
PREVIEW AND SALE WITH WINE
AND BUFFET SUPPER $5.00
JULY 2 — 5-9 p.m.
by reservation only to:
Mrs. John York, North Hatley, Que.

COMPLIMENTS OF

G. M. BELL

830 - 10th. Avenue S. W.

CALGARY ALBERTA



BEEF
IS OUR
PRODUCT

"ANOTHER YEAR HAS ROLLED AROUND
"PER ANNOS" WILL NO DOUBT EXPOUND
SUCCESS IN ALL THE MANY ACTIVITIES
OF KING'S HALL, COMPTON, AND ITS PRETTIES,
BUT WILL NO ONE IN MY GUARD POSITION
GIVE ME, POOR MALE, DUE RECOGNITION?"

CAPRI

JAY PEAK INC.

North Troy, Vermont

"Jay Peak", the friendly and fabulous ski area in Vermont

- On the U.S. - Canadian Border.
- Offering 4 lifts, (6000 feet chair lift, 4000 feet T-Bar, 2000 feet T-Bar and poma lift).
- Is the home of World Famous "Walter Foeger Ski School", the only teaching system without use of snowplow or stemming.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Centre Motor Lodge

STOWE, VT.

Vermont's Most Complete Resort Motel

OPEN ALL YEAR

COMPLIMENTS

OF

BYERS, McDOUGALL, JOHNSON, CASGRAIN & STEWART

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, ETC.

507 PLACE D'ARMES

MONTREAL, P.Q.

INTERESTED IN A RETAILING CAREER?

MORGAN'S

WELCOMES GRADUATES

Our expanding organization is constantly looking for graduates of executive calibre seeking careers in

- **Merchandising • Sales Management**
- **Buying • Accounting and Control**
- **Credit Management • Advertising**
- **Display • Personnel administration**
- **Plant and Building management**

As part of an organization that extends from coast to coast, a career at Morgan's can offer a wide variety of opportunities. We invite you to discuss your future plans with us, and our Employment Department will be pleased to arrange an interview.

Telephone VI 4-1515, local 627



This space has been contributed by

THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT OF CANADA, LIMITED

manufacturers of:

BEAVER AIRCRAFT

TURBO-BEAVER AIRCRAFT

OTTER AIRCRAFT

CARIBOU AIRCRAFT

BUFFALO AIRCRAFT

THE 400 HYDROFOIL SHIP

SATELLITES AND SPACE EQUIPMENT

Compliments of

J. A. PIGEON Enr.

Baggages - Hand Bags - Leather Goods - Gifts

142 Wellington St. N. Sherbrooke, Que.

Compliments of

Chez Yvette
ENREGISTRÉ

Miss Y. Precourt

CORSET and WOOL SHOP

16 Wellington Street North
Sherbrooke, Que.

With the Compliments of:

MAGOG MARINE SALES & SERVICE
Incorporated



675 Thomas Ave., Magog, Que.

GREETINGS TO A POTENTIAL MATRIC OF CLASS

OF '64, COMPTON FROM A POTENTIAL GRADUATE

OF QUEEN'S ENGINEERING CLASS OF '64.

PRINTING

LITHOGRAPHY

PAPER BOXES

OFFICE SUPPLIES

AND FURNITURE

Consult us on any occasion that you need advice on printing, boxes, office supplies or furniture. We've given this service to our customers since 1902. May we help you?

Page-Sangster **PRINTING CO., LTD.**

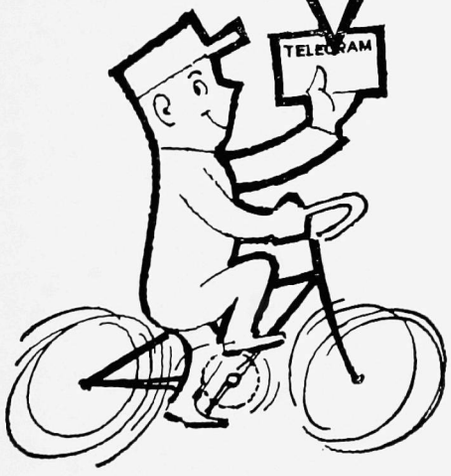
406 Minto St. Telephone 562-3861 Sherbrooke, Que.

"The Quality of Mercy is not Strain'd."

The Merchant of Venice

Act IV, Scene 1

CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATE STOP CANADAS LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HAS UNLIMITED OPPORTUNITIES FOR BOTH HIGH SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY GRADUATES STOP FURTHER INQUIRIES SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO PERSONNEL OFFICER SUN LIFE OF CANADA MONTREAL



SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

Compliments of

L. Lavigne Limited



AUTHORIZED BOTTLERS OF:

- PEPSI-COLA
- TEEM
- NESBITTS
- SNOW WHITE

and Schweppes Products

2685 Galt Street West

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

With Best Wishes

FROM FRIENDS

BARRYMORE CARPETS

STYLED •

WOVEN ••

TRAFFIC RATED •••

by

THE TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.

MONTREAL

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

Compliments

of

CORK ENGINEERING INS. CO.

92 Arlington Ave.

Charlestown, Mass.

U.S.A.

RED WHITE, RED WHITE

SIS BOOM BAH

STANSTEAD COLLEGE

RAH! RAH! RAH!

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

Compliments of

STINSON FORD SALES INC.

RUTLAND, VERMONT

U.S.A.

Compliments of

CARRIS REELS, Inc.

PLYWOOD REELS
AND SPOOLS

Box 696

Rutland Vermont

TO THE COMPTON GIRLS

FROM

PAUL

GEORGE

JOHN and RINGO

"Best Wishes

from

the

Beatles"

Best wishes to the graduating class

of 1964



with the compliments

of

J. N. Paterson

Munrospun

Fine Woollen Cloths
Made in Scotland

Tweedy Clothes

with co-ordinating
SWEATERS

★

PURE LAMBS WOOL

★

MORNING HAZE

★

CASHMERE

★

Also

LINEN and FANCY
DRESS FABRICS

1383 Greene Avenue
Westmount, Quebec
Telephone 937-7072

THE CANADIAN SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND

"More from Ottawa Kitchens"

COOK BOOK
$1.50 per copy

Available from:
Mrs. L. A. Kelley
P. O. Box 366
Terminal "A" Ottawa

Inserted by a friend of CSCF

Royal Ontario Museum
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

●

CANADA'S LARGEST MUSEUM
DISPLAYS THE ARTS OF MAN
AND THE RECORD OF NATURE
THROUGH THE AGES.

Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday to Saturday
1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday

Avenue Road at Bloor Street, in Toronto

Compliments of

Booth Brick Limited



COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

ARE YOU THE TYPE?

✠

Do you want to get ahead in the world?

Are you of average intelligence?

Do you like people?

Do you like to be useful?

Then you are the type to be a **NURSE.**

Now that you know, apply today to:—

Miss Clara Aitkenhead, R.N.,
Director of Nursing,
Sherbrooke Hospital,
Sherbrooke, Que.

The best opportunities are open to a graduate nurse from a well qualified School.

Compliments of

STAR PHARMACY

✶

Telephone
562-3744

111 Wellington Street North
Sherbrooke, Que.

compliments of
Friends at

"FERNLEDGE"

Knowlton, P.Q.

From

SUNNY
SANTA BARBARA

CALIFORNIA

Compliments of

JOHN MILFORD & SON Reg'd

FLORISTS

M. Alice Milford

143 Frontenac Street Tel. 569-2566 Sherbrooke, Que.

Skinner & Nadeau Inc.

JEWELLERS

Member American Gem Society

Branch Store

SHOPPING CENTRE

Telephone 569-7955

Main Store

82 WELLINGTON NORTH

Telephone 562-4795

Sherbrooke, Que.

The Sears Studio

GERALDINE HEBERT

Photographs

Telephone

562-0900

139 Frontenac Street

Sherbrooke, Que.

A Quebec City Friend

Compliments of

Canada Vinegars

&

Allen's Apple Juice

COMPLIMENTS OF

Parke & Parke
LIMITED
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS

HAMILTON

BURLINGTON

COMPLIMENTS

OF

STANSTEAD COLLEGE

STANSTEAD, QUE.

"YE - YEH - YEAH

- JUNIOR COTTAGE"

ROLLING HILLS
Hotel and Motel

APPROVED
Ⓐ Ⓐ Ⓐ



On Route 5

LENNOXVILLE, QUEBEC

Telephone 567-5234

FULLY LICENSED

Salutationes

ab homine

Muffae

Compliments of

THE E. A. Whitehead Co.

Chartered Insurance Brokers

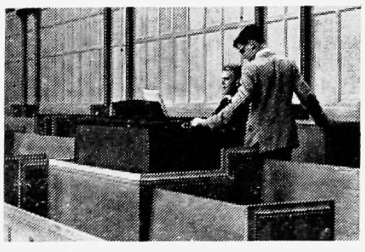
★

276 St. James St. W., Montreal 1, Que.

A Friend

This is T.C.S.







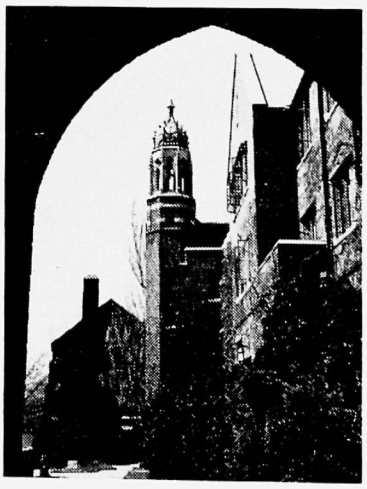

No words or pictures can fully describe all that goes on at this famous boarding school in the country. Because it goes on *within* a boy.

Your son, perhaps. You may not notice the change at first. But underneath you will find that his associations here—among his T.C.S. companions and especially with the masters—are introducing him in a practical way to the values of goodness, truth, honour, loyalty, self-control and hard work.

On the playing field and in the classroom, T.C.S. stresses character development within a disciplined community. A boy learns to think . . . and to act accordingly.

This is indeed a school for "the whole boy". And the time to take up residence is in the formative years—Boulden House for younger boys starts with Grade 6.

If you are interested, or would like to have an informative brochure on T.C.S., write to the Headmaster, Angus C. Scott, M.A.



T.C.S.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario • A distinctively Canadian school since 1865.

Compliments of

LAWCO® PRODUCTS

OTTAWA

Compliments of

G. W. Lamplough Ltd.

Importers of

FINE CUTLERY

Best wishes from two of your readers



WHEREVER IN THE WORLD YOU WANT TO GO

Longing to lounge on the Lido? Hankering to hula at a luau? Take a tip – take a tour! It costs less than you think – because Canadian Pacific tours are well within your holiday budget! Canadian Pacific Super DC-8 Jets and Jet Props are Canada's flag carriers between five continents. And Canadian Pacific Empress service makes every trip a grand tour! Travel in the friendly air . . . let Canadian Pacific jet you there.

The South Pacific, Hawaii, the Orient, Europe, Mexico, South America – wherever there's sun and fun, there's a Canadian Pacific Tour. See your Travel Agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

FLY Canadian Pacific

TRAINS / TRUCKS / SHIPS / PLANES / HOTELS / TELECOMMUNICATIONS
WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

"Compliments

from

a

Friend"

Compliments of

C. E. Savary

★

Telephone

TER 5-5439

COMPTON, QUE.

EARL'S REG'D.

General Store

NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

Compliments

The Anchor Packing Company Limited

largest Canadian manufacturers of mechanical packings,

moulded rubber seals, cut gaskets, plastic laminates

AND

JOSEPH ROBB & CO., LIMITED

Canadian manufacturers of industrial piston rings,

Klinger valves, cocks and liquid level gauges,

Metallic rod packings

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FATHER

You would like your stay at

La Paysanne
Motel



LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

With the

Compliments

and

Best Wishes

of a

Friend

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FATHER

COMPLIMENTS OF

William Spencley & Son

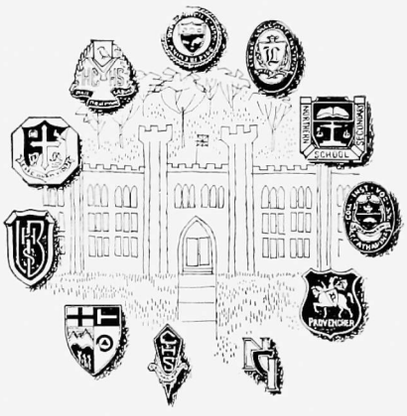
Boat Rental, Fishing Supplies and Cottage Maintenance

BURLEIGH FALLS, ONTARIO

*

OGILVY'S

*



what's your school? Birks' comprehensive selection represents most well-known schools and colleges across Canada. Here, you will find rings, pins, cuff link and tie bar sets, identification bracelets and other insignia . . . each item bearing an authentic crest.

BIRKS
JEWELLERS

Sketches and estimates will be gladly submitted, without obligation.

MOLSON & COMPANY
LIMITED

MEMBERS
MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE
TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE
INVESTMENT DEALERS ASSOCIATION
OF CANADA

MONTREAL - TORONTO

✠

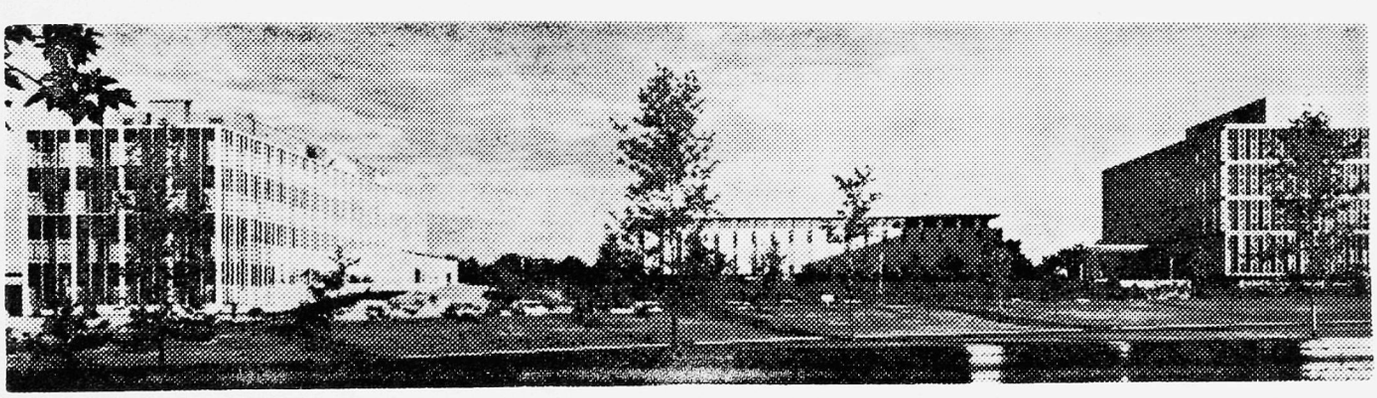
J. C. Cowans — J. N. Morton — H. J. R. Newman

ANDY — CINDY — ANDY

Oh Lucky Lucky Me !

I have Brothers Three,

Bill, Bruce and Johnny B.



—Degrees are offered in Arts, Science, Commerce, Journalism and Engineering.

—Special study programs include Canadian Studies, Public Administration and Soviet Studies. The many research and study facilities of the federal government and of organizations located in the nation's capital are available to members of the university.

—Admission to First Year is on the basis of Grade XIII or equivalent; a limited number of places are open in Qualifying University Year to good students with Grade XII or equivalent.

For information write to the Registrar

CARLETON UNIVERSITY

OTTAWA 1, ONTARIO.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

HUGH CARSON COMPANY LIMITED

OTTAWA, ONTARIO

MANUFACTURERS OF

LUGGAGE, LEATHER GOODS AND AUTOMOBILE SEAT COVERS

COMPLIMENTS

OF

LYNNE WOOD RIDING CLUB



RAWDON, QUEBEC

'My Bank'
is
Canada's
First Bank



AD-116



"MY BANK"
TO 3 MILLION CANADIANS
B of M

BANK OF MONTREAL

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

COMPLIMENTS

OF

LUNHAM & MOORE LIMITED

455 CRAIG STREET WEST

MONTREAL

BEST WISHES TO THOSE

IN

EIGHTH GRADE

Compliments of

Northeast Airlines, Inc.

USE *United* BRAND

Carbon Paper and Typewriter Ribbons
Printing and Embossing
Legal Forms

Office Furniture and Supplies

Our School Wholesale Division specializes
in School Supplies and School Printing

UNITED STATIONERY CO. *Limited*

TELEPHONE EM 3-4383

688 RICHMOND ST. W. TORONTO 3, ONT.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Byers, McDougall, Johnson, Casgrain & Stewart

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, ETC.

507 PLACE D'ARMES

MONTREAL, QUE.

Compliments of the

Unimaginative Noisemakers

Compliments of

Allatt's

BAKERY

Compliments of

Tandalee Farm

"FROM A FRIEND"

Compliments of a Friend

With the Compliments

of

LIMBO LIMITED



A Friend

Congratulations and Best Wishes from

CLARK'S PHARMACY REG'D

D. M. PATRICK, L.Ph., Prop.

Your Friendly Family Drugstore

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

℞

Telephone

569-3601

111 QUEEN STREET LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

Compliments of a Friend

Compliments of

St. Lawrence Steel & Wire

COMPANY LIMITED



GANANOQUE, ONTARIO

PERSONALS:—TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: WILL EXCHANGE COMPTON EDUCATED DAUGHTER, CLASS OF '64, (McGILL MATRICS PERMITTING) FOR CARLETON UNIVERSITY CO-ED, CLASS OF '68. PLEASE RETURN TO 1305 DOWLER AVENUE, OTTAWA 8.

Compliments of

JOSE CARIDI

INDUSTRIAS CONSOLIDADAS LTDA.

GRIFERIA CROMADA

ACCESORIOS SANITARIOS
Y VALVULAS DE CONTROL EN GENERAL
REGADERAS PARA IRRIGACION

BARRANQUILLA - Colombia, S.A.

Calle 85, Carrera 79 Esq.
Cable y Telégrafo:
"I N C O N"

Apartado Aéreo 1117
Teléfonos:
47408 y 47409

COMPLIMENTS



Flying Shuttle

NORTH HATLEY, QUE.

Enthusiasm is the genius of

sincerity and truth accomplishes

no victories without it.